

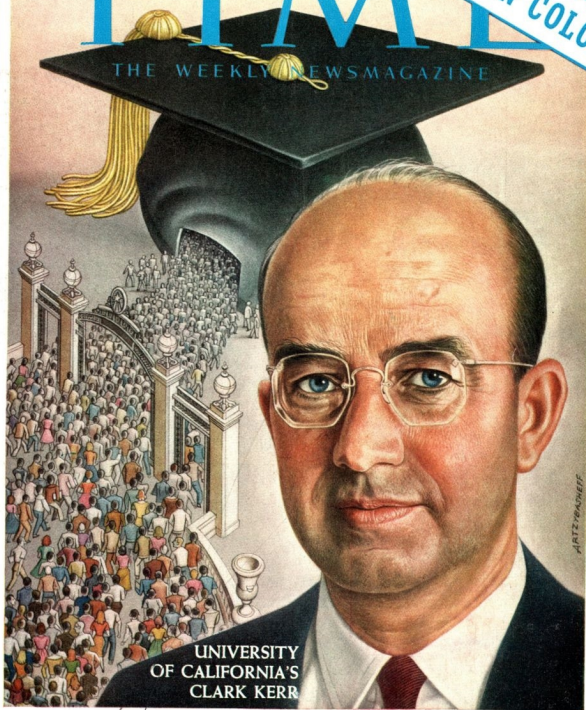
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THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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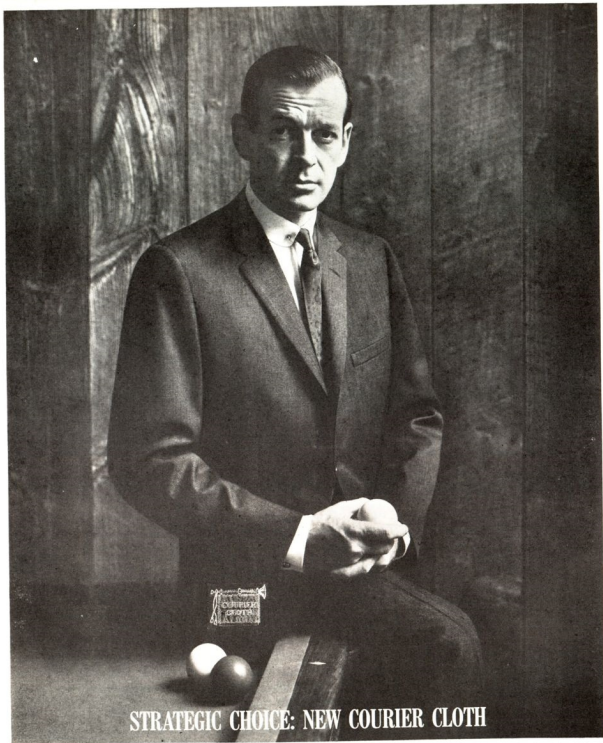


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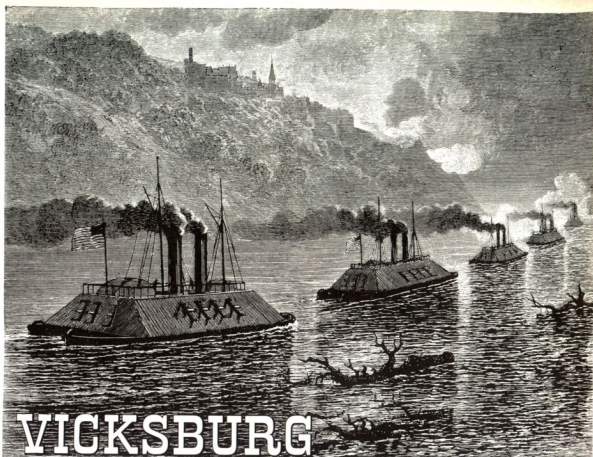
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Oliver Wendell Holmes

UNION CAPTAIN (LATER SUPREME COURT JUSTICE) OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

On Vicksburg's high bluffs, there was honor enough for all. Honor for U. S. Grant, whose persevering courage won the battle he had to win. Honor for Southern soldier and citizen alike who stood unbroken through months of continuous, racking bombardment.

Today, Vicksburg is one of our best marked military parks, and the pride of our National Park Service. You can drive along 30 miles of roads, and read 1600 monuments and plaques that recall the heroism, North and South, that is forever part of

your heritage. There's a museum packed with history, and a remarkable gun collection. You enjoy the great sweep of the river, and the ante-bellum houses with their memories a century old.

But it is in Vicksburg, and in the beautiful military park that surrounds this historic Mississippi city, that you best understand the report of the Civil War generation to every American who enjoys freedom today.

It is an inspiring report, as it was to Oliver Wendell Holmes, for it outlines the heights of rare,

unconquerable courage that Americans always attain in times of crisis. It reminds us—and the world, too—that freedom born in travail, in travail must be maintained. It is a timely message.

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A new voice for the voiceless

New Bell System electronic larynx restores speech to those who have lost the use of their vocal cords

Helping people to talk again . . . this is a continuing Bell System project which grew out of Alexander Graham Bell's lifelong interest in persons with hearing and speech handicaps.

Now Bell Telephone Laboratories has developed an improved electronic artificial larynx which is entirely self-contained and battery-operated—designed to serve as a “new voice” for many people who have been affected by surgery or paralysis.

When held against the neck, this ingenious 7-ounce device transmits vibrations into the throat cavity which can then be articulated into words. Speech sounds of good intelligibility and improved naturalness are produced.

Two models are being made by the Western Electric Company, manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System. One simulates a man's voice, the other a woman's. In keeping with the Bell System's long history of public service, the Bell Telephone Companies are making this device available on a non-profit basis. If you would like further information, just get in touch

with your Bell Telephone business office.

This new artificial larynx is another example of how research at Bell Telephone Laboratories serves the public in many ways—in developments used by the world's most modern telephone system—and in inventions which have wide application by outside industries and people in all walks of life.

• Held to the throat, the Bell System electronic artificial larynx replaces the vibrations of normal vocal cords to produce speech. Power is turned on and off, and the pitch is varied, by a simple thumb-operated switch.



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LETTERS

The Great Debate

Sir: The "great debate" on TV showed that Kennedy has looks, charm, and the gift of eloquent speaking. I only wish Nixon could express his views with Kennedy's finesse.

BARRY LYERLY

Boulder, Colo.

Sir:

Jack is the next of kin to the old medicines (I hesitate to call them snake oil) which were sold from wagons to people. It was claimed they could cure TB, baldness, hives, and any other affliction on earth. Undoubtedly Jack has created the greatest mass of hot air since Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over the lamp.

DAVID Y. SELLERS

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

A personal triumph for Kennedy, a personal debacle for Nixon.

JAMES W. CRAWFORD

Belmont, Calif.

Sir:

Vice President Richard M. Nixon, "the man who stood up to Khrushchev" in the great Moscow kitchen debate, appears to have backed away from arguments presented by Senator Kennedy in the first "living room" debate on TV. It seems to me that a man who professes to have advised the President during the past eight years could have presented better arguments than agreeing with Senator Kennedy's comments for the better part of half the program.

JOSEPH J. BRAZAN

Waukegan, Ill.

Sir:

Lincoln-Douglas have nothing to worry about.

W. E. WINDEN

Minneapolis

The Gang's All Here

Sir:

It is quite possible that my longtime love for the home-town paper and Mr. Block's longtime production of wordless strokes of genius have something to do with it, but I cannot refrain from saying that your cover of Oct. 3 is a new peak, your finest!

The figure of Castro alone says more than all the words of Sartre recently reported by TIME.

WALTER B. SMALLEY

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Both TIME and Cartoonist Herblock deserve medals.

MRS. T. R. DEMECO

Lancaster, N.Y.

Sir:

Just what good does TIME's Oct. 3 cover do for anyone except that by it you vent your spleen? (I vent mine on occasion by writing letters to editors.) I do not think that it helps to ease international tensions, no matter if it graphically presents an essential truth.

Furthermore, I seriously question your judgment when you say, "Khrushchev was reduced to chumming around with Cuba's Fidel Castro, and such enthusiastic courtship of Castro seemed a petty pursuit for so great a power." Would it be petty if Russia set up its technicians in Cuba, made it a real base of subversive activity in the Amer-

icas? Would it be petty if Khrushchev could persuade Castro to attack Guantanamo, and possibly substitute Russian ships and planes for ours at that base?

There, now I feel better.

(THE REV.) WARREN P. WALDO

The Burke Haven Parish

West Burke, Vt.

Sir:

Khrushchev's declaration of independence for all peoples of the world should meet with our enthusiastic approval as the first step to real disarmament. Therefore, let us hurry and schedule, for October, free elections in Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, etc., and then resume the otherwise fruitless talks at the U.N.

ROMAN MAKAREWICZ

Gardena, Calif.

Sir:

The United Nations happens to be situated in this country, and Khrushchev has every right to head his country's delegation. Although we are a host nation, we must not feel that visiting statesmen should have our permission to attend the U.N.

SUSAN LEBOWITZ

Lynchburg, Va.

Behind the Symbols

Sir:

You showed a photograph of Pope John XXIII wearing a tiara with a triple crown. What is the meaning of the three crowns?

BENJAMIN BLAISDELL

Minneapolis

¶ The triple crown, or *triregnum*, evolved in the 13th century, and its original meaning has been lost. Some authorities say that the Pontiff's three crowns represent the "teaching, ruling and sanctifying church"; others say that they are symbolic of the Pope's being the father of the Princes of Kings, Pontiff of the World, Vicar of Christ on Earth.—Ed.



PAPAL CROWN

UP

Environment v. Man

Sir:

Kudos for your timely article on "Environment v. Man."

Very good indeed!

BAILUS WALKER

Division of Engineering

& Sanitation

Wayne County Department of Health

Elaine, Mich.

Sir:

You are to be congratulated upon the forthright and comprehensive article concerning the widespread existence of pollutants which are endangering and undermining the health of our citizens. For the past 20 years, the Health Guild has been warning the public through literature, articles and mass meetings concerning these hazards that are infecting the air, water supplies and foods.

SYMON GOULD

Director

The Health Guild

New York City

Sir:

Re your article, "Environment v. Man": may I say first that the major part of its content is excellent. However, you say: "Sweeping new U.S. laws, violently opposed by the food industry, require manufacturers to prove that the multifarious chemicals used in the growth and processing of today's food are safe for human consumption."

The facts are that the food industries presented almost a united front in opposing the Food Additive Amendment to the Food Drug and Cosmetic Act which is mentioned in this quotation.

This matter is of extreme importance because a number of food cranks are constantly accusing the food industry of opposing this food additive amendment and trying to influence the consumer into believing that the food industries are against adequate safety precaution in their food supplies. The exact opposite is true.

HOWARD O. HUNTER

President

American Institute of Baking

Chicago

¶ TIME erred, sentences itself to bread and water.—Ed.

What the First Lady Should Wear

Sir:

I really had to laugh over the article in the Sept. 26 issue on what the candidates' wives spend on their clothes. As long as their respective husbands are paying for their clothes out of their salaries and not dipping into the national budget—who could care less? Jackie Kennedy can spend \$60,000 a year for clothes and wearable undergarment or Mrs. Nixon spend \$600 per suit from Elizabeth Arden for all I care. I'm only envious.

NINA BURCH

Hollywood

Sir:

Do I detect a note of bitterness from those housewives who are disturbed at Jackie Kennedy's "chic"? May I say, on behalf of the male sex, that we love her "devil-may-care chic" and "floor-mop" hairdo.

SPERO KESSARIS

Peabody, Mass.

The Favela

Sir:

It is often said these days that the people of the United States are ready to assume world leadership. When will they realize that with that leadership comes the responsibility for conditions such as those described by Carolina Maria de Jesus [in her best-selling book, *Quarto de Despejo*, about life in the São Paulo favela, or slum]?

But tell me, where did Carolina learn to read and write? What is the literacy rate in the favela?

BURWELL GOODE

Philadelphia

¶ Carolina had two years of schooling, from age seven to nine. About 40% of favela dwellers are illiterate.—Ed.

Arrest in Formosa

Sir:

Thank you for your article [Sept. 19] regarding the Chinese Nationalists' arrest of my father, Lei Chen, the respected publisher of the magazine *Free China*, and the head of an effort to organize the China Democratic Party as a legal and anti-Communist opposition group on Formosa.

This arrest is a despotic move by the Chiang Kai-shek government to suppress freedom of speech and to abuse basic human



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rights. It is despotism such as this that fomented the tragedy of Cuba and the China mainland.

(MRS.) EMILY LEI WONG
Elizabeth, N.J.

Battle of the Sexes

Sir:

Please allow me to congratulate Reader B. F. Bayruns on his outright, earnest, objective summing up of our modern women.

Today what we have is a constant striving for superiority between male and female. Man is no longer considered the stalwart breadwinner of old; he is now brought down to the level of a junior partner in a family enterprise. The modern wife is judged not for her qualities as a mother and homemaker but for her qualifications and potential in the business world.

I predict that if this situation continues, within the next 20 years the basic roles of man and woman will be completely reversed.

NOEL G. JOHNSON

Kingston, Jamaica

Sir:

Just what does B. F. Bayruns mean by "femininity" that he claims we females have lost? He means no doubt our sitting with adoring eyes at the feet of some male as he pounds his chest and tells us what a wonderful guy he is. Well, times have changed. Men now preface marriage proposals with "Of course, you'll have to keep your job." We have no time to sit adoring any more.

ESTHER M. ARMSTRONG

Los Angeles

Sir:

As long as Pop continues to concern himself only with such issues as "who will win the pennant this year" or "which beer holds its head the longest," why should he resent Mom's wearing the rather heavy mantle of responsibility which rightfully should rest on his shoulders? Especially since most of us would welcome the opportunity to again slip into something more comfortable!

VIOLA I. PARKS

Fort Dix, N.J.

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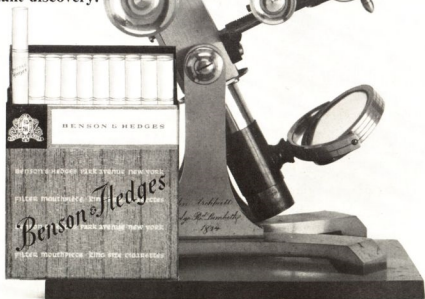
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One word of caution. If you think Fiat's small size makes it a Mickey Mouse in the performance department, you're in for one big surprise. Inch for inch and pound for pound, it's the *goingest* little bomb on four wheels. Cruises all day at a comfortable 60.

No matter how you measure a car — on price and economy or comfort and performance — Fiat gives you a real run for your money, a lift that makes driving fun again. When you stop to think about it, what more could anyone ask?

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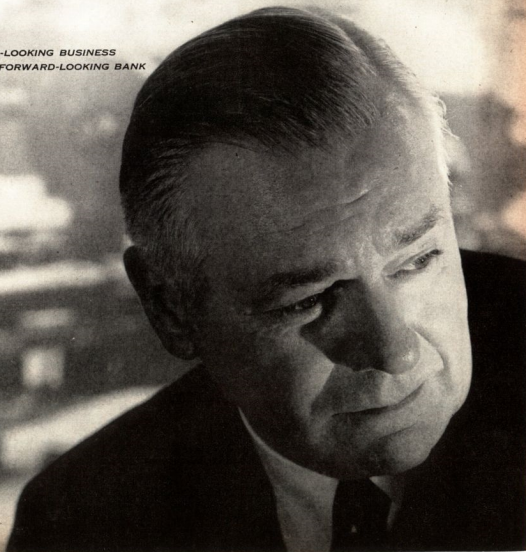
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NIXON & SIDEY



MEYERS & KENNEDY

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

FOR a chance to observe how the other half is living, the Washington Bureau's two top campaign reporters switched assignments last week. Bert Meyers, who has been covering Vice President Richard Nixon's campaign since January, transferred his luggage to the camp of Senator John Kennedy, and Hugh Sidey, a dogged camp follower of Kennedy's for nine months, joined the Nixon forces.

In both campaign parties, the correspondents encountered similar (and classic) occupational hazards—scrambling for planes, trains and buses, filing stories from odd places at odd hours, seeking out the nearest shower and jiffy laundry. Both men move fast, Sidey and Meyers agree. "When the candidate stops speaking," says Meyers, "it's time to grab your typewriter and start fighting your way to the bus." Neither reporter had any complaint about the manner in which the press is treated: in each camp, speeches are mimeographed, planes chartered, reservations confirmed and wires dispatched with cool efficiency.

There were some vivid differences, however. Meyers found the Kennedy crew more willing to gossip, to impart tidbits from the inner sanctum, than the Nixon staff. "Though Dick Nixon is always friendly and cheerful with the press, and meets them more often in conferences, there is a curtain of privacy around him when he is not on public display." The difference, he suspects, is the difference between being

Vice President and a Senator: "Nixon has been nearer the top over a long period, and has been burned more."

Reporter Sidey found one small comfort in traveling at Nixon's side: "At last I'm allowed to keep a pencil and a comb. It seemed Kennedy kept me stripped of both articles. In the crushes for autographs, Kennedy has never been known to have a pencil of his own." Another fine point, twangs Iowan Sidey: "It is good to get back with those who speak English. After nine months with all those Boston Irishmen, I was beginning to say 'paak' for 'park,' and 'Americker' for 'America.'"

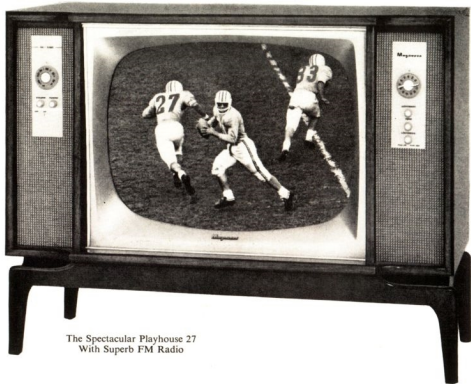
Both men agree on the different eating habits of the two campaign parties. "In three weeks' campaigning with Dick Nixon, I put on six pounds," laments Meyers. "In five days with Jack Kennedy—including two days of 'rest—I lost 2½." Sidey's statistics: 8 lbs. lost with Kennedy, three regained with Nixon. The explanation is a matter of scheduling: Nixon campaigns just as hard as Kennedy, but his stops are spaced between long plane hops, which give the press ample time to eat and write; Kennedy travels in short flights, is always behind schedule, and the lunch stop is invariably the first item to be cut from the day's itinerary. A current crack among Kennedy's lean staffers: "The Senator has said that 17 million Americans go to bed hungry at night, and he expects you to do your part."

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Milestone of Democracy

At the halfway mark, with the second of four rounds completed, the Kennedy-Nixon TV debate had already carved its place in the annals of U.S. politics. On the same date 102 years before, a crowd of 20,000 witnessed the historic Lincoln-Douglas debate in Galesburg, Ill. Some 64 million people witnessed Round No. 2 of the Kennedy-Nixon debate—more than the number of citizens who voted in the presidential election of 1956.

The continuing TV debate adds a new sophistication to the concept of government by the people. The ingenuity of the TV industry in fitting the campaign to TV's dimensions and the sharpness of journalists who asked last week's questions provided a genuine public service. Whatever the outcome in November, the election will be decided by an electorate that, to an extent unique in history, were able to look at the candidates and their programs in a cool, objective light, free of the usual hoopla, pennants and brass bands. The electronic eyes that scan the men in the TV studio are devoid both of prejudice and of any softening human kindness. For the candidates there is no place to hide, no way of ducking behind a "no comment" or a sonorous platitude.

Every quaver of voice, every fleeting grimace, is subject to merciless scrutiny.

Under this ordeal by camera and microphone, Jack Kennedy and Richard Nixon showed some striking similarities. Both proved themselves to be quick-thinking, tough-fibered fighters, charged with youthful intensity and energy (Nixon is 47, Kennedy 43). Only men still young could have hammered away at each other so hard for a steady hour, their heads so full of facts and figures. They showed the aggressiveness and alertness that makes them formidable campaigners, the drive that enables them relentlessly to crisscross the country all day, all week, to keep up the most exhausting schedules in the history of U.S. presidential campaigns.

Kennedy was the unexpected winner of Round 1 because he took a tense and soft-hitting Nixon down a me-too path on domestic issues. In Round 2 Kennedy came through on foreign affairs with considerable strength, faulting the Administration for an inadequate performance in the 1950s and demanding better for the '60s in broad terms of mission and purpose. ("That," said he, "is the big issue.") But Nixon topped him with a sureness on cold war specifics. Most notable: Kennedy plumped for U.S. withdrawal from the offshore Nationalist Chinese islands of Quemoy and Matsu to facilitate an orderly

defense of Formosa; Nixon warned quickly that withdrawal would start a "chain reaction": "The Communists," said he, "aren't after Quemoy and Matsu. They are after Formosa." He snapped at "the same kind of woolly thinking that led to disaster for America in Korea."

Since Nixon's comment came after Kennedy's, he had, for the moment at least, an important last word. But between sign-off of the last debate and curtain time for this week's, both candidates would think hard on what they had said and what they should say in the remaining two rounds. So would the U.S., and from the final judgment should come the best-informed marking of millions of ballots ever.

THE CAMPAIGN

Debate No. 2

NBC's Washington studios were abuzz with crowds on the outside and newsmen and technicians on the inside. At 6:31 Jack Kennedy rolled up in a Pontiac convertible with Brother Bobby and a few aides, swept directly into the TV studio. It was cold (64° F.); studio officials meant to keep the temperature low in order to counteract the hot lights that produced beads of perspiration on Nixon's face during the first telecast. Kennedy allowed as



CANDIDATES KENNEDY & NIXON WITH MODERATOR FRANK MCGEE
For an old concept, new sophistication.

Edward Clark-Lips

how he would need a sweater if things didn't warm up; a studio man turned up the thermostat. Then Jack and Bobby walked up to the platform, took turns standing at both speakers' stands while they gazed at their images on the floor TV monitors. Mindful of the lighting trouble that had befallen his opponent in the first debate, Kennedy noted "all those lights pointing over here" (at his position), and "only one point over there" (at Nixon's). Muttered he, as technicians scamped to adjust the lighting: "Let's not have all the lights in my eyes." As before, Kennedy disdained any TV makeup.

Twenty minutes after Kennedy's arrival, Richard Nixon's Government Cadillac pulled up and disgorged the Republican team. Nixon had recently emerged from a Statler-Hilton hotel suite where he spent a few uninterrupted hours of peace and thought. Inside the studio Nixon stepped straight up to the platform, put his wristwatch on his speaker's stand.



CANDIDATE KENNEDY ATTACKING
First, a small chill.

He had been made up at home by an expert, and an accompanying lighting expert pronounced NBC's lights perfectly all right. A few minutes before they went on the air, Kennedy strolled over to the Vice President, and both spoke inaudibly as they shook hands. Moments later, TV monitors in the studio pressroom came alive and focused on Nixon. He was sitting grimly, staring straight ahead, as if to substantiate preshow betting that Nixon had decided to take the gloves off and hit hard.

Hit hard he did—and so did Jack Kennedy. Their hour-long slugging match gave the U.S. its best picture so far of the men, the parties and the issues.

DOMESTIC ISSUES

Both men made telling scores on domestic issues. Jack Kennedy belabored the Eisenhower Administration for failure of moral leadership in civil rights; Nixon named Democratic Vice Presidential Candidate Lyndon Johnson as a man who voted against and still opposes adequate civil rights legislation.* Kennedy called for economic reform, blasting the Administration's hard-money, high-interest-rate policies, accused Ike of turning down

needed aid for depressed areas. He defended his celebrated claim that "17 million Americans go to bed hungry" by shifting to Secretary of Agriculture Benson's statement that 25 million Americans have inadequate diets. A tax increase in the winter of 1961, Kennedy said, "under present economic conditions," would not be "desirable. In fact, it would be deflationary . . . cause a real slowdown in our economy."

In talking recession cures ("Understand, I do not believe we are going into a recession"), Nixon dealt from basic Republican philosophy, insisting that tax reform and not "massive federal spending programs" would be necessary to stimulate "the private sector" of the economy. In the normal course of the economy, however, "we should be under no illusions whatever about what the responsibilities of the American people will be in the '60s. Our expenditures for defense . . . for mutual security . . . for economic assistance and technical assistance are not going to get less . . . They are going to be greater. I think it may be necessary that we have more taxes. I hope not."

FOREIGN ISSUES

Except in reaction to some sharp crack, Nixon rarely looked at Kennedy while Kennedy was talking, although Kennedy kept a shrewd eye cocked on Nixon most of the time that the Vice President had the mike. In the realm of foreign policy they produced the real blazing sparks that could well ignite the campaign and keep it burning straight through into November. Items:

Cuba. Nixon disputed Kennedy's claim that Cuba is "lost," defended the Administration's Latin American policy. "There were eleven dictators in South America and in Central America when we came in in 1953; today there are only three left, including the one in Cuba." He accused Kennedy of "defeatist talk," declared flatly that "there isn't any question but that we will defend Guantánamo [the U.S. Navy base in Cuba] if it is attacked." Kennedy's riposte: "We have almost ignored the needs of Latin America; we have beamed not a single Voice of America program in Spanish to all of Latin America in the last eight years except for the months of the Hungarian revolution."

U-2 Spy-Plane "Regrets." Kennedy defended his Oregon statement of last May, when he said that the U.S. might have apologized to Khrushchev if it would have saved the summit and accused Nixon of distorting his views. He cited past incidents when, as a matter of "accepted procedure," the U.S. expressed regrets for accidental overflights in Cuba, Russia, and East Germany. A month ago, said Kennedy, Cabot Lodge "said that if there was ever a case where we did not have the law on our side, it was in the U-2 incident." Replied Nixon: Kennedy was wrong to expect that Khrushchev might have continued with the summit meeting even if the U.S. had expressed regrets, and that furthermore, Ike had been "defending the security of this country against surprise attack . . . I don't intend

to see to it that the U.S. is ever in a position where, while we're negotiating with the Soviet Union, that we discontinue our intelligence effort. And I don't intend ever to express regrets to Mr. Khrushchev or anybody else if I'm doing something that has the support of the Congress and that is right for the purpose of protecting the security of the U.S."

Cold War. Disputing Kennedy's claim that U.S. prestige is declining critically, Nixon said that it is at "an alltime high." He cited Khrushchev's recent U.N. tantrums as evidence that Soviet Russia's prestige is sinking, while President Eisenhower's U.N. speech and U.S. voting victories in the U.N., he said, had raised the U.S. image in the world. The Democratic Congress, said he, had refused to grant enough funds for sufficient Voice of America programs, mutual security and defense. "Mr. Nixon," rebutted Kennedy, "is wholly inaccurate." The Congress appropriated \$677 million more for defense.



CANDIDATE NIXON ATTACKING
Then, the hot exchange.

said he pointedly, than the President "was willing to use up till a week ago." Moreover, last week's U.N. vote, pressed by neutralists on the question of an Ike-Khrushchev meeting (see FOREIGN NEWS), "was generally regarded as a defeat for the U.S." Kennedy backed up his claim about low U.S. prestige by citing reports of civilian committees and military leaders. "The relative strength of the U.S. compared to that of the Soviet Union and the Chinese Communists together has deteriorated in the last eight years."

U.S. Progress. Kennedy was at his best when he moved into the theme of his campaign. "I believe that the American people have to make the choice on Nov. 8 between the view of whether we have to move ahead faster, whether what we are doing now is not satisfactory, whether we have to build greater strength at home and abroad, and Mr. Nixon's view . . . Mr. Nixon has been part of [the] Administration. He has had experience in it, and I believe this Administration has not met its responsibilities in the last eight years, that our power relative to that of the Communists is declining, that we are facing a very hazardous time in the '60s. I think the choice is clear and it involves the future."

"I am glad to hear," said Nixon, shifting the ground with a rare trace of a

* Johnson provoked Nixon's ire by proclaiming in last week's speeches that slugging match signs of "cracking up."



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon, tense behind seemingly relaxed smiles, meet in Chicago before beginning first of their four nationally televised debates.

ARTHUR SHAW



J. ALAN LANSLEY

DEMOCRATIC Vice Presidential Candidate Lyndon B. Johnson and Harry S. Truman, work away with tried and true cam-

paign tactics to the delight of adults and bewilderment of the young at Truman Corners shopping center, Grandview, Mo.

IN REPUBLICAN MID-WEST DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE KENNEDY OUTLINES NEW SIX-POINT FARM





WALTER EASON

REPUBLICAN Vice Presidential Candidate Henry Cabot Lodge and Mrs. Lodge give the traditional campaigner's wave and re-

ceive a roaring welcome from 5,000 suburbanites gathered on the athletic field of new Staples High School, Westport, Conn.

PROGRAM BEFORE 20,000 FARMERS ASSEMBLED FOR THE NATIONAL PLOWING CONTEST AT SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.

ARTHUR SHAW





WALTER BEANETT

ROUSING CAMPAIGN SEND-OFF was given Nixon at start of 58-day campaign by Ike, who showed up at Baltimore's Friendship International Airport, proclaimed Lodge (left) and

Nixon "the finest team we could have chosen." Two boys toting campaign signs were singled out by campaigners, who sport boutonnieres of black-eyed Susans, Maryland's state flower.

smile, that Kennedy "does suggest that I have had some experience . . . What does he offer? He offers retreats of programs that failed. I submit to you that as you look at his programs—his program, for example, with regard to the Federal Reserve and free money, or loose money . . . low interest rates—his programs in the economic field generally are the programs that were adopted and tried during the Truman Administration . . . I say that the program and the leadership that failed then is not the program and the leadership that America needs now."

Quemoy & Matsu. There were fewer than ten minutes left when a newsman threw Kennedy the question that made headlines: Since he favored withdrawal of U.S. forces from the Nationalist Chinese offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu, couldn't that be interpreted as appeasement? Answered Kennedy: Administration experts including Secretary of State Herter (as Under Secretary in 1958) have declared Quemoy and Matsu strategically indefensible, so "we should consult with [the Nationalists] and attempt to work out a plan by which the line is drawn at the island of Formosa . . . I think it is unwise to take the chance of being dragged into a war which may lead to a world war over two islands which are not strategically defensible." Nixon seized on the answer to hoist himself to the high point of his evening. "The question is not these two little pieces of real estate; they are unimportant," said he. "It isn't the few people who live on them—they are not too important. It is the principle involved. These two islands are in the area of freedom. The Nationalists have these two islands. We should not force our Nationalist allies to get off of them and give them to the Communists." To do that would start a chain reaction because the Communists are after Formosa, not Quemoy and Matsu. "In my opinion, this is the same kind of woolly thinking that led to disaster for America in Korea. I am against it. I would never tolerate it as President of the U.S., and I would hope Senator Kennedy would change his mind if he should be elected."

Emotional Punch. Swarmed over by newsmen afterward, both Nixon and Kennedy were agreed on at least one thing: it was one fine brawl. "I thought we had a good exchange," said Nixon. "The difficulty is that 2½ minutes [per question] is not enough to discuss the issues. I had some loose ends to tie up, and I'm sure Senator Kennedy did too. I thought there was more clash in this." As they parted, the two gossiped about their road campaigns and what Nixon called "crowds-manship," i.e., rival claims as to the size of their respective audiences. "Let's see," said Nixon next, "when do we meet again?" Replied Kennedy coolly: "Next week, and I'll give you my best." (But they will meet only electronically; Nixon will be in Los Angeles, and Kennedy will be in Manhattan.)

With that Kennedy left, walked down the corridor to his makeshift office. "You were great," said jubilant Bobby Kenne-

dy, but Kennedyites sensed that Nixon had landed what they called an "emotional" punch in the exchange over Quemoy and Matsu. Said Jack: "Will somebody please get Jackie on the phone?" Richard Nixon, heading down Nebraska Avenue toward his Wesley Heights home, stopped at a traffic light, heard a motorist shout through the window: "You really clobbered him tonight." When he got home, one of his daughters met him at the door. "Daddy," cried she, "you did great!" A more impersonal reaction might have to wait until Nov. 8.

POLITICAL NOTES

Conservative Crusader

"This is the man I would vote for as President," boomed Toastmaster Roger Main, a banker and Democrat, at a banquet in Jacksonville, Fla. "But since he is not a candidate, I intend to vote for his candidate." Up rose the audience to give a standing ovation to the toastmas-



GOLDWATER IN JACKSONVILLE
Why follow Grandfather?

ter's hero, Republican Senator Barry Morris Goldwater of Arizona. In mostly Democratic Jacksonville, many Democrats were among the 500 who had paid \$25 each into the Republican campaign fund to hear Goldwater tell them to vote for Dick Nixon. In dozens of other cities and hamlets from South Carolina to Georgia to Florida last week, crowds were also large and enthusiastic, and Goldwater's message was the same: "Don't kid yourself that Jack Kennedy has any love for the South. Don't vote for the Democrats just because your grandfather did. Vote Republican! Just try it once—you've no idea how good you'll feel in the morning."

✻ If Nixon is defeated next month, Goldwater will be available in 1964, he told the Phoenix Press Club Forum at week's end.

Handshakes & Autographs. The role of Conservative Goldwater in the G.O.P. grand strategy is to play upon the South's strong conservative feelings—in foreign relations, human relations, federal controls and states' rights. "There's hardly enough difference between the Republican Conservatives and the Southern Democrats to put a piece of paper between," he says. How many Southern voters Goldwater swings is debatable, but there is no question that many want to hear him. The G.O.P.'s high command receives more Southern speechmaking requests for Goldwater than for any other campaigners except Dick Nixon and Cabot Lodge.

An energetic stumper, Goldwater keeps rolling 18 to 20 hours a day, often piloting himself in a chartered Beechcraft. He shakes every hand in sight. He autographs copies of his bestselling *Conscience of a Conservative* (now in print: 103,000 hardbacks, 400,000 softbacks). He was the first nationally known Republican in history to campaign in Spartanburg, S.C. last month.

Soft Sell & Hard Hit. The hardshell Conservative who had angrily denounced the Rockefeller-Nixon truce before Chicago as a "Munich," now calmly ignores the liberal program built into the G.O.P. platform. The Republican platform is, he says, the lesser of two evils. He hard-hits Lyndon Johnson as "the forgotten candidate." He writes off Jack Kennedy with sarcasm: "Sometimes I wonder how Jack gets that sailboat back to harbor."

He calls for a tougher foreign policy, in words more violent than Nixon's: "If it takes force to remove the Castro government, then we should use force. We cannot have a Communist country 90 miles off our shore." Federal aid to education: "The Government has no right to educate children. The family has an obligation to educate children through local school boards and local taxes." As for federal medical aid to the aged, "If my kids don't take care of me when I'm old, I'll whale the tar out of 'em."

POLLS

Thin Slices

One key question for 1960: How much of Dwight Eisenhower's overwhelming 1956 margin can Dick Nixon hang on to? Last week the Gallup poll cut the question into thin, categorical slices with these results:

	Ike '56	Nixon '60
Women	61%	51%
Men	55	49
College	69	62
High school	58	48
Grade school	50	45
Independents	70	57
Professional men	68	63
White collar	63	55
Manual workers	50	39
21-29-year olds	57	42
30-49 years	55	47
50 years and over	61	55
Farmers	54	54
Protestants	63	61
Jews	25	19
Roman Catholics	49	27

BATTLE FOR THE SENATE

Republicans Can Gain but Cannot Win Control



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DELAWARE



BOGGS



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MISSOURI



HOCKER

Although 34 U.S. Senators will be elected next month,* the Democrats are certain to retain control of the Senate for at least two years. It is mathematically possible but politically inconceivable for the G.O.P. to take over. Ten of the Senate seats are Southern and automatically Democratic (Georgia's Richard Russell and South Carolina's Strom Thurmond are running unopposed). In six other states—Alaska, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Montana, Oklahoma—the Democratic candidates are so far ahead that only a Nixon landslide could beat them. The Republicans are shoo-in favorites in two states—New Hampshire and Nebraska. The real fights are for these 16 slots:

Colorado. Republican Gordon Allott, the incumbent, walks the sidewalks with his right hand at the alert for every passerbly. His Democratic opponent, chunky Lieutenant Governor Robert Knous, son of a former Governor and federal judge, is campaigning strenuously on a far-out liberal platform. Allott holds a breathless lead, but the race is wide open, could be decided by the Nixon-Kennedy results.

Delaware. Political touts size up the race between Incumbent J. Allen Frear Jr., conservative Democrat, and Governor Caleb Boggs, moderate Republican, as fifty-fifty, although a successful Democratic registration drive has the G.O.P. worried.

Idaho. Republican Henry Dworshak is almost home free for a fourth election, but Democrats cling to a slim hope that Bob McLaughlin, their attractive, aggressive young candidate, may yet turn out to be a sleeper.

Kansas. White-thatched Andy Schoepel, 65, seeking his third Senate term, has backslapped his way through the state to hold an edge over Frank Theis, 49, a humorless lawyer and a Democratic Party bigwig. Despite a lackluster record, Schoepel has a way with Kansas voters ("He just looks like a Senator").

Kentucky. In a dark and bloody ground of national political contention, Kentuckians are paying much more attention to the presidential race than to their own drab Senate campaign between Incumbent John Sherman Cooper and former Governor Keen Johnson. Able Republican Cooper, onetime U.S. Ambassador to India, is probably more liberal than his challenger. Johnson, a prominent businessman (vice president of Reynolds Metals), is locally famed for his frugality: as Governor (1939-43), he ran a tight treasury, spent less than the legislature allotted, liquidated the state debt and ran up a surplus of \$10 million. Cooper is ahead.

* The 34th: a special election in Missouri to fill the vacancy caused by the death last month of Thomas Hennings.

Maine. The Democrats lead in every major event but the all-girl Senate race. Incumbent Margaret Chase Smith has come up fast, with a ladylike, personal-touch campaign, is outdistancing her Democratic rival, Lucia Cormier (TIME cover, Sept. 5), who sticks steadily to peace and security, aid to education and other national issues.

Massachusetts. Like a homely Yankee trader, Republican Leverett Saltonstall is stumping the state in his five-year-old Mercury, meeting the people on a personal level ("You lost many Dutch elms?"), bridging his eloquence gap with a powerful homespun personality and the constant reminder of past favors. At the Andover town hall, a man nudged him, beaming: "You got my boy in Annapolis." At a Lawrence electronics factory, a foreman observed: "Eighty percent of the people in the plant are Democrats. Most of us will vote for Salty. It means jobs, you know."

Tom O'Connor, the wiry young mayor of Springfield who upset favored Foster Furcolo to win the Democratic nomination (TIME, Sept. 26), is breathing hard on Salty's neck. With the endorsement of Kennedy, he whirls through a daily round of "Teas for Tom," banquets, speeches, rallies, living on one meal and 20 cups of coffee a day. Said he truthfully: "I'm definitely the underdog."

Michigan. Six months ago Senator Pat McNamara was a runaway favorite to win re-election, but Republican Congressman Alvin Bentley, campaigning diligently, has been so successful that local Republicans are watching the race with new hope. McNamara, a onetime president of the Detroit Pipefitters Union, has the backing of the old-line A.F.L. and Walter Reuther's United Auto Workers. He is a deplorable mumbler on the speakers' rostrum and a delightful mixer at voters' gatherings, has been taking great pains to demonstrate his good health (he was operated on for cancer last July), appearing without a topcoat in the chilly Upper Peninsula. Conservative Multimillionaire Bentley, proud of his backing for the late Joe McCarthy, has made sizable inroads on the ethnic vote (he has learned to speak passable Polish and Magyar, has won the endorsement of the normally Democratic Polish-American Congress). He wades recklessly into sticky subjects, bluntly brought up the question of McNamara's health and charged Jack Kennedy with deliberately fanning the religious issue in order to woo Catholics, Jews and other minorities. Bentley is a bit of a grandstander, still displays the riddled wallet he carried when he was badly wounded during the 1954 shoot-'em-up in the House chamber by three Puerto Ricans. McNamara retains a lead, based on his huge majorities in Wayne County (Detroit), but Bentley is gaining.

Missouri. Lieutenant Governor Ed Long stepped into a Democratic brawl when he was nominated to succeed the late Tom Hennings. A farmer-banker-lawyer from Pike County, he wears sharp-lapelled country-boy suits, is an ineffective speaker but an able public servant. His Republican adversary, St. Louis Lawyer Lon Hocker, is a better performer but short on campaign funds. The Democratic strife has cooled off, and with a fat campaign purse and a pulsating party machine behind him, Long is the favorite of the political morning line.

New Jersey. The voters have a choice between two able, liberal intellectuals, the Republican incumbent, Clifford Case, and Democratic Kingmaker Thorn Lord (full name: Balfour Bowen Thorn Lord). A big-time lawyer, Lord works in Trenton, lords it over a clique of intellectuals at home in Princeton. No mere egghead, he is a shrewd politician who rebuilt the Democratic Party statewide after the collapse of Jersey City's Boss Hague, was one of the earliest advocates of all-out registration drives. After Lord masterminded Bob Meyner's rise to the governor's mansion, the awed northern Jersey bosses acknowledged his political genius.

Case, having overcome rebellion of the G.O.P. right wing in last April's primary, is like Lord waging a cultured above-it-all campaign. Physically, he is much more attractive than the high-domed and weathered Thorn Lord, but he faces many pitfalls: resurgent Democrats, a large Catholic, pro-Kennedy vote, simmering revolt in the local G.O.P., rising unemployment. He barely mentions Dick Nixon in his campaigning.

New Mexico. Democrat Clinton Presha Anderson, 64, seeking his third term, has borrowed the "experience" line from the Republicans (his campaign slogan: "Succeed with Seniority"), is carefully sidestepping the intense, local Democratic squabbles. His conservative opponent, William Frank Colves (pronounced Calves), is tall (6 ft. 4 in.), grey and handsome, a civic leader and onetime Pontiac dealer who is scarcely known outside of Santa Fe, given little chance of upsetting Old Pol Clint Anderson.

Oregon. Onetime State Representative Mauberger is the favorite to succeed her late husband, Dick Neuberger, in the Senate, although irascible Democratic Senator Wayne Morse, who has long feuded with the Neuberger's, is giving her minimal help. Her Republican opponent, ex-Governor Elmo Smith, is neither as well publicized nor as supercharged with corny slogans ("Join the Marine Corps").

Rhode Island. The surprise primary victory of Democrat Claiborne deBorda Pell (TIME, Oct. 10) upset the campaign plans of Raoul Archambault Jr., who thought he would be running against one of two old-line Democrats: former Governor Dennis Roberts or former U.S. Attorney General J. Howard McGrath. Archambault, a conservative's conservative, has shifted to a frontal assault on Democratic spending. A strong Democratic trend, a big Catholic vote and the

proximity of New Englander Kennedy should put Pell over.

South Dakota. For the first time in generations South Dakotans have a clear-cut choice between a genuine conservative, folksy Karl Mundt, 60, the Republican defender, and a purebred liberal, Congressman George McGovern, 38, the Democratic challenger. Mundt is running for an unprecedented (for South Dakota) third term, stressing his seniority and experience and the Nixon-Lodge capability for "handling the Russians." He has repudiated Ezra Benson, McGovern, a deceptively soft-talking former history professor (and World War II B-24 pilot with a D.F.C., the air medal and three oak-leaf clusters), offers his own farm program, attacks Mundt for his position on rural electrification, and even reminds him of his vote against the fortification of Guam before Pearl Harbor. Methodist McGovern's early edge has washed away in the religion reaction against Kennedy. It will be close.

West Virginia. In 1956 Republican Cecil Underwood, then 34, was elected Governor and thereupon became the pride of the Young Republicans. Ruggedly handsome, a fiery speaker and a cool debater, Underwood is campaigning to unseat Incumbent Democratic Senator Jennings Randolph. Using his sex appeal, his flashy oratory and such gimmicks as a helicopter-borne blitzkrieg through West Virginia's barnyards and mountain hamlets, he has won high praise from his audiences. His worst adversary is the state's chronic unemployment and the bleak misery south of the Kanawha River.

The portly, courtly Randolph is a more skillful speaker, with a genial approach, a firm handshake, and a trace of the snake-oil vendor. On the stand he uses his ammunition to the best advantage ("Jack Kennedy, within 90 days after he's elected, will sign the Area Redevelopment bill"). In informal settings, Randolph shines. Stopping at a roadside diner last week for a supper of country ham and redeye gravy, he charmed the proprietor, his son, the waitress and a Republican truck driver, then went to the kitchen for more of the same. With his beguiling ways and the issue of hard times, plus the support of labor, the liberals, and a slice of the business community (which respects him as a longtime official of Capital Airlines), Randolph is forecasting Democratic weather in November.

Wyoming. In a contest created by the retirement of Democrat Joseph O'Mahoney, the Republicans have their best chance of picking up a new seat. Keith Thomson, 41, an aggressive, hard-riding rancher and ultraconservative lawyer, is campaigning effectively against "welfare statism as opposed to free enterprise." His rival, Raymond Whitaker, also 41, has overcome many of his starchy, hesitant campaign mannerisms of the past, is plugging hard for federal aid to education. The bookmakers figure that Thomson, who beat Whitaker easily in a 1958 contest for Wyoming's only seat in the House of Representatives, will do it easily again.



LORD
NEW JERSEY



CASE



NEUBERGER



SMITH

OREGON



McGOVERN



MUNDT

SOUTH DAKOTA



RANDOLPH



UNDERWOOD

WEST VIRGINIA



WHITAKER



THOMSON

WYOMING

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

Princeton University's undergraduate *Daily Princetonian* found students and faculty flunking each other in political science: 72.3% of polled faculty members (119 out of 635) supported Jack Kennedy for President. Of the 1,677 students (out of 2,937 enrollment) who voted, 70.6% went Nixon.

¶ "The Doctors' Committee for Nixon-Lodge" claimed support of 14,000 physicians for the G.O.P. ticket.

¶ With scarcely so much as a nod to doctors-for-Nixon, the influential *Christian Science Monitor*—which supported Ike in 1952 and neither candidate in 1956—endorsed Richard Nixon as the man more likely to give the U.S. "positive, progressive and skilled leadership."

¶ To the surprise of no one except rumormongers, Republican Clare Boothe Luce, onetime Connecticut Congresswoman and former U.S. Ambassador to Italy, declared: "Plainly there should be no question of my loyalty to the Republican Party and its distinguished candidates. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Lodge, for whom I have the greatest respect."

¶ The Hearst newspaper chain (13 dailies with a total circulation of 4,400,000) predictably endorsed Richard Nixon, praising his "distinction and courage" in foreign affairs, but had a few passing kind words for "the patriotism, integrity and political sagacity of Senator Kennedy and Senator Johnson."

¶ In an hour-long TV interview, Mississippi's unconstructed Senator James O. (for Oliver) Eastland urged Mississippians to vote for the Democratic ticket as well as for his own candidacy for reelection on the ground that solid Southern representation in the Congress would keep integration at bay. Boasted Democrat Eastland: as a result of his strong leadership of the Senate Judiciary Committee, he was able to stall or kill 23 civil rights bills in 1957 and 49 in 1960. "I don't always agree with Lyndon Johnson, but you have to give him credit. He took everything relating to integration out of those civil rights bills [that did pass] He has always opposed Congress' implementing the segregation decisions of the Supreme Court."

¶ In the politically pivotal state of Michigan (20 electoral votes), a Detroit *News* poll of voters gave Kennedy the lead over Nixon by 52.7% to 40.4%. Among Roman Catholics, Democrat Kennedy drew 79.7% of the vote, and Democratic Senatorial Incumbent Pat McNamara got nearly as much, while Democratic gubernatorial Candidate John Swainson (a Protestant) got 69.6%—in short, a difference of 10% between Democratic candidates of different religions.

¶ Labeling Jack Kennedy a "political chameleon," the militant, outsized (membership: 23,000) Hawaii local of Harry Bridges' International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union issued a call for the support of Richard Nixon, "the lesser evil."

DEFENSE

Shots from the Hip

In all its proud history, the U.S. Army has suffered no more galling defeats than it did on the nation's peacetime rocket ranges after World War II. With a group of ex-Nazi rocketmen as its nucleus (Wernher von Braun, Kurt Debus), the Army bled its budget to set up in the missile business—and, in fact, saved the nation's face by launching the first U.S. satellite after Sputnik. But the Defense Department ruled that long-range rocketing was properly the role for the Air Force, and the Army's Redstone Arsenal was turned over to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

One after another, as frustrated Army careermen took off their uniforms and left



EX-MISSEILEMAN MEDARIS
Gall for the heirs of a proud past.

the service, they found relief at a typewriter, rattled off angry books about Defense Department policies. Latest to step to the literary firing line: Major General John Bruce Medaris, 58, former chief of the Army Ordnance Missile Command, who retired last January.

In *Countdown for Decision* (Putnam; \$5), Missileman Medaris (who quit the Army for a while to try his hand at business before World War II) shoots from the hip at targets all along the Potomac. Among them:

The Joint Chiefs of Staff: Their inability to agree "removes the professional military experts from any effective role in the decision process." Command of the armed services goes by default to "a combination of short-tenure appointed civilian secretaries supported by permanent, professionally unprepared, civil service civilians." (Medaris' extravagant exception: Army Secretary Wilber Brucker, a staunch defender of the Army missile

program, "one of the best, if not the best Secretary of the Army ever.")

The Air Force: "Lack of a sound, experienced military-technical organization has been responsible for the technical side of that service becoming almost a slave of the aircraft and associated industries, subject to endless pressure and propaganda As an absolute minimum the Army and Air Force must be recombined into a single service."

Businessmen in Government: Because the big businessman has succeeded in his own field, he has the illusion that he knows all the answers when appointed to a job in the Defense Department. "He rarely does."

Civil Defense: "The concept of mass evacuation of high-density population centers and the burial of our citizenry in deep shelters would negate any kind of positive reaction to attack. It would convert our people into a horde of rabbits scurrying for warrens where they would cover helplessly while waiting the coming of a conqueror."

ICBMs: "Three separate systems—Atlas, Titan and Minuteman (and now Titan II)—are simply too many. The fear engendered by Soviet rockets has destroyed prudent judgment. We seem to be preparing not for retaliation but for obliteration."

Polaris Missile: "Personally, I consider the Navy's Polaris system the best bet for the retaliatory striking power for the near future. It offers the advantage of concealment to a much more realistic degree than the entombment of concrete-protected, land-based missiles."

U-2: "Those who advance the possibility of engine trouble having caused the vehicle to descend, and only thus make it vulnerable, are kidding themselves and doing the country a disservice. The fact is that our own Hercules has destroyed a target at 100,000 ft. and we have no reason or excuse for assuming that the Russians can do less."

All this off his chest, General Medaris put away his typewriter and went to work as president of the Lionel Corp.—to make electric trains and perhaps ultimately to land defense contracts from those inefficient businessmen in government.

ISSUES

Church & State (Contd.)

Jack Kennedy's forthright statements of his views on church-state relationships have been aimed at Protestants who are wary about Vatican control over a Roman Catholic President of the U.S. But they have had an important effect on U.S. Catholicism as well. Many a Catholic clergyman and layman has been moved to think through his own views, with the result that the 1960 campaign has brought the clearest definition of American Catholic church-state beliefs in the history of the U.S. Catholic Church.

Last fortnight the Rev. Gustave Weigel, a distinguished Jesuit theologian, backed Kennedy's interpretations in a formal statement (*TIME*, Oct. 10). Last week a

group of 169 prominent Catholic laymen—including such ardent Democrats as Minnesota's Senator Eugene McCarthy and Connecticut's Senator Tom Dodd, and such solid Nixon Republicans as former Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce and Professor Francis G. Wilson of the University of Illinois—published a landmark "statement of religious liberty." The statement not only backed Kennedy's position that his religion could and would not compromise his actions as President, but went beyond Kennedy, and Father Weigel, in flatly deploring the denial of religious freedom "in countries where Catholics constitute a majority—even an overwhelming majority."

Other key points:

❑ "We believe in the freedom of the religious conscience and in the Catholic's obligation to guarantee full freedom of belief and worship as a civil right . . . Catholics have a special duty to work for the realization of the principle of freedom of religion in every nation, whether they are a minority or a majority."

❑ "We believe constitutional separation of church and state offers the best guarantee both of religious freedom and of civic peace. The principle of separation is part of our American heritage."

❑ "We believe that among the fundamentals of religious liberty are the freedom of a church to teach its members and the freedom of its members to accept the teachings of their church."

❑ "In his public acts as they affect the whole community the Catholic is bound in conscience to promote the common good and to avoid any seeking of a merely sectarian advantage. He is bound also to recognize the proper scope or independence of the political order."

DISASTERS

Electra's Tragedy

Southbound for Philadelphia, Eastern Air Lines Flight 375 roared down Runway 9 of Boston's Logan International Airport, lifted comfortably into the clear October afternoon, then, a few hundred feet in the air, wheeled suddenly on its left wing and dove to destruction in the cold waters of Winthrop Bay. High over Boston Harbor an inbound pilot barked into his mike: "Tower, an Electra just went into the drink!"

Within minutes the far shore of the bay clogged with curious crowds; traffic eventually backed up all the way to downtown Boston. So many boats swarmed across the water that the rescue operation threatened to become a greater disaster than the crash. As dark fell, a grim collection of bodies, many still strapped in their seats, began to collect on shore. A TV and radio call for skindivers brought hundreds to the scene. Only a few dozen were qualified, but none hesitated to thrash through the black, blinding water while boat propellers churned around them. In the confusion survivors were mistaken for the dead. Civil Defense Director Jerry Wyman uncovered a blanketed body, applied a re-

suscitator and brought one "dead man" to life.

Of the 67 passengers and five crew members, only eleven survived the crash. Among the survivors were three members of a draft of 15 Marine recruits en route to boot camp at Parris Island, S.C.

Dead Starlings. Just back from a tour of the Soviet Union, and not even unpacked, Federal Aviation Agency Chief Elwood ("Pete") Quesada flew in to head the investigation. He had good reason: Eastern's Flight 375 was the fifth Electra crash since the big four-engined turbo-prop planes went into service two years ago, and it was he who had opposed grounding 140 still flying. At least two of the crashes could be charged to pilot error, but study of others—mid-air dis-

engine air intakes of one or more engines on the left side and caused flame-outs; they could even have fouled the mechanism controlling the Electra's great paddle-bladed props. And although the Electra is designed to fly on two engines in an emergency, the unlikely loss of two engines on one side at a critical point just after take-off might well cause the ship to veer sharply and spin in.

Sealed Engines. Pilots, who generally like the way the ship handles, fell over each other to offer testimonials to the beleaguered Electra, "the most beautiful flying airplane we've ever had." Nonetheless, Mississippi Democrat John Williams sternly announced that his House Subcommittee on Transportation and Aeronautics would start hearings this



Philip Preston—Boston Globe

BOSTON CRASH VICTIMS & RESCUE WORKER
Mourning became the bearers of her name.

integration over Indiana and Texas—had disclosed serious structural flaws. Weakened outboard engine nacelles tended to vibrate at high speeds in turbulent air, their intense flutter could destroy a wing. The Civil Aeronautics Board and some quick-tempered politicians had demanded grounding the Electra. Quesada had insisted that while the airlines waited for Lockheed Aircraft Corp. to beef up its Electra's wings (at an estimated cost of \$25 million), the planes could still safely carry passengers—at reduced speeds.

No Electra in service has yet been modified, and last week's crash laid Quesada's reputation as well as the Electra's on the line. But a flock of dead starlings on the runway at Logan—plus divers' reports that Flight 375's submerged fuselage was still spattered with birds—offered Quesada one plausible explanation: the plane may have hit a flock of birds on take-off. The birds could have plugged

week on the crash. Republican Steven DeRouin of New York and Thomas J. Love, Massachusetts Democrat, called for an investigation. FAA inspectors sealed the four engines under water before hauling them up for study. Indiana's Democratic Senator Vance Hartke called again for grounding the Electra. Egged on by nervous newsmen who must travel with him on his campaign, Democratic Vice-Presidential Candidate Lyndon Johnson switched from an Electra to a Convair. Rumors spread that many large companies were forbidding their employees to fly in Electras. Just two days after the accident at Boston, Eastern's Electra travel was off 21% on all its routes.

The *Wall Street Journal* remembered, pensively, that a mythological Electra, who dallied with the gods, was dashed to earth by Athena. "Everything she tried turned to tragedy and mourning became all the bearers of her name."

FOREIGN NEWS

UNITED NATIONS

The New Boys

The piping voices of the small nations—uncertain, parochial, timidly daring—were sounding last week through the corridors of the U.N. Suddenly, they sounded loud even in their own ears.

Some of the uncommitted were tentative; all were self-centered. "We are the new boys at school," confided a tall, broad-shouldered delegate from Niger. "We are just watching to see how the others behave." A fragile Somali in an embroidered cap added, "We are interested in what concerns Africa. We do not care to become involved in the struggles between the great powers." But they also



Albert Fenn—LIFE

RUSSIA'S KHRUSHCHEV
No resignation.

found a new pride in themselves, an awareness of growing importance.

For the Small. As the week began, the uncommitted scarcely realized how important they had become. Then Nikita Khrushchev strode to the podium to roar Dag Hammarskjöld into submission. Hammarskjöld, cried Khrushchev, had tried to justify "the bloody crimes perpetrated against the Congolese people by the colonialists and their stooges. It is not proper for a man who has flouted elementary justice to hold such an important post as that of Secretary-General." Khrushchev demanded that Hammarskjöld "muster up enough courage to resign."

Hammarskjöld sat, his head bowed, listening to the blast. Re-lying, he leaned forward in his seat, spoke over his folded hands. "It is very easy to resign," he said. "It is not so easy to stay on. It is very easy to bow to the wish of a big power. It is another matter to resist."

He reminded the hushed Assembly that

if he resigned, Khrushchev would insist on replacing him with a three-headed Secretariat. This, said Hammarskjöld, "would make it impossible to maintain an effective executive. By resigning, I would, therefore, at the present difficult and dangerous juncture, throw the organization to the winds. I have no right to do so because I have responsibility to all those member states for which the organization is of decisive importance—a responsibility that overrides all other considerations."

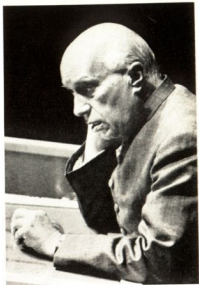
The assembled delegates burst into applause. When it subsided, Hammarskjöld continued in his careful English: "It is not the Soviet Union or, indeed, any other big powers which need the United Nations for their protection; it is all the others. I shall remain in my post during the term of my office as a servant of the organization in the interests of all those other nations, as long as they wish me to do so." All across the big semicircle, delegates, white, black and brown, rose in a standing ovation. In their midst, Nikita Khrushchev derisively pounded his thick fists on his desk.

New Nations. In effect, Hammarskjöld had defined the U.N. and its small-power majority as a kind of third force between the colossi of East and West. With this new sense of their own influence, the uncommitted and the small spoke up to offer their views on issues of all sizes and shapes. Typical was Ireland's External Affairs Minister Frank Aiken, who urged that Central Africa, "through negotiations between Africans, should become an area of law" and that the states concerned agree "not to change existing boundaries or settle disputes by force." He acclaimed the U.N. as "a body in which the small nations have an influence such as they never before possessed in history, an influence quite out of proportion to their material power and resources, an influence, moreover, which will disappear if this organization should fail."

Facts of Life. But in one of their first attempts to translate these grandiose visions into reality, the small countries tripped over the facts of life. They swung happily behind a five-power resolution, sponsored by Yugoslavia, India, Indonesia, Egypt and Ghana, that asked Khrushchev and Eisenhower to hold a new summit[®] and renew their "recently interrupted" contacts.

Khrushchev played along. He sent the busy five a letter applauding their sentiments and promising to meet any U.S. President as soon as the U.S. apologizes

[®] The neutralists do not practice the summitry they preach: Egypt's Nasser adamantly refuses to talk peace with Israel's Ben-Gurion; India's Nehru will not negotiate the question of Kashmir with Pakistan; Ghana's Nkrumah does not confer with political opponents at home—he jails them; asked last week if he would meet with Netherlands officials about Dutch-held New Guinea, which is also claimed by Indonesia, President Sukarno cried: "No! No!"



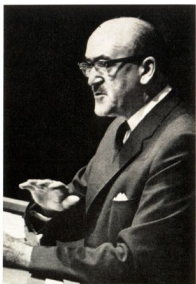
Albert Fenn—LIFE

INDIA'S NEHRU
No resolution.

for the U-2 and RB-47 flights. Eisenhower rejected a meeting with Khrushchev unless there were first exploratory, lower-level discussions that offered "some prospect of fruitful results."

Eisenhower's stand seemed perfectly justified to most Americans but inexplicably unreasonable to many U.N. delegates. The U.S. position was delicate: should the resolution pass unmodified, the U.S. would be faced for the first time with disregarding a General Assembly decision.

The U.S. delegation maneuvered intricately against the resolution, and succeeded in getting Argentina to ask that references to Eisenhower and Khrushchev be replaced by a simple proposal for re-



Albert Fenn—LIFE

IRELAND'S FRANK AIKEN
No regression.

newed contacts between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Angrily, Nehru withdrew the mutilated resolution. The Communists sat back contentedly and, as one Red delegate put it, "watched with amusement the frantic efforts of the U.S. to defeat the neutrals."

More impressively, the small countries made their weight felt on the perennial question of the admission of Red China to the U.N. In past years, this issue has seen both the U.S. and the Soviet Union grimly forcing their cohorts to stand up and be counted. Last week the neutrals, with their new-found independence, spoke up for a more detached view. Many of the smaller nations had no sympathy with Communism, but felt that it was foolish to act as if Red China did not exist. Ceylon's Sir Claude Corea pointed to Secretary of State Herter's recent statement that it was "wholly possible" for Red China to be brought into the disarmament discussions and asked: "If they are not considered good enough to take their place in the U.N., would they be good enough to sit around the disarmament table?"

The 15 new African members represented the difference between victory and defeat. But a good many abstained on the ground that they did not yet understand the complexities surrounding the China issue. The vote was 42 to 34, with 22 abstentions.* Five years ago the U.S. had won, 42 to 12. This time, two such Western-oriented nations as Ireland and Denmark voted "against" the U.S.

In the new day of their independence, the uncommitted and the weak were serving notice that they acknowledge no masters. With something of the same sense of excitement and responsibility that invests any common citizen who finds himself on a jury in a historic trial, the uncommitted last week were recognizing that collectively they had become a force that could shape forces greater than themselves.

The Old Boys

As the small nations tested their uncertain new strength at the U.N. last week, the two giants reacted in their separate ways. The U.S. was seen but not often heard. Russia's Nikita Khrushchev was both. Determined to be one of the boys, he was all over the place, to the neutrals' mingled amazement and annoyance.

Grinning like Peck's Bad Boy, Khrushchev banged his fists during U.S. Delegate James Wadsworth's speech opposing the admission of Red China. He found time for tea and cookies with Eleanor Roosevelt, played host to a clutch of Algerian rebel leaders and gave their regime *de facto* recognition. He put a figurative arm around everyone in sight, from Nehru to Sukarno, and whirled into and out of receptions given by half a dozen small

countries. His most bewildering display was at a big shindig in the Soviet Union's Park Avenue mansion, where Khrushchev greeted an astonished Dag Hammarskjöld with an affectionate bear hug. Explaining his antic behavior to a crony, Hungary's ill-starred Janos Kadar, Khrushchev said: "In the Caucasus Mountains they have a custom—while a man is under your roof he is your friend, but when he goes outside you can slit his throat."

Small Dividends. For all his buoyancy, Khrushchev's only concrete achievement of the week resulted from an afternoon visit with Britain's Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. Afterward, Khrushchev told newsmen that he had Macmillan's assurance "that a summit conference would take place" early next year when the U.S. had a new President. Pending such a meeting, if held on schedule, he piously promised that Russia would make no effort to change the status of Berlin.

Khrushchev's assiduous wooing of the

small nations paid some dividends. Though they were still skittish about his attacks on Dag Hammarskjöld, some of them listened attentively to Khrushchev's demand that the U.N. be redesigned and headed by a triumvirate of Western, Communist and neutral powers. In typically tentative fashion, Nehru argued, "The structure of the U.N. when it started was weighted in favor of Europe and the Americas. Although the executive should not be weakened, probably some structural changes would be desirable."

Frankly Puzzled. In contrast to Khrushchev's gambols, the U.S. seemed strangely immobile. "We hardly ever exchange views with the Americans," said a Malagasy delegate. "It's regrettable that your diplomats are not more active." Africans wondered why they were hearing no more from U.S. delegates of the five-point plan for African development announced by President Eisenhower last month. Most were frankly puzzled by U.S. failure to

COLONIALISM REVISITED

A representative of a land once ruled over first by Spain and then by the U.S., Francisco A. Delgado, 74, white-haired delegate of the Philippines, knows something about colonialism. Last week in the U.N., he did some plain speaking about it:

WE hold no brief for Western colonial imperialism. We were a Spanish colony for nearly 400 years, and we fared no worse and no better than the other 20-odd colonies of Spain during the heyday of its imperial glory . . . The Americans came to the Philippines in 1898 in the course of the Spanish-American War. At the time, we were on the point of winning our revolutionary struggle against Spain. Our troops were knocking at the very gates of Manila. The Americans offered to assist us, and we accepted them as allies. Later, however, they decided to occupy our country on the ground that we needed to learn how to govern ourselves. We fought them bitterly for four years . . .

"Was American colonial rule more virtuous than most? That may be a matter of opinion, but the fact of the matter is that the U.S., during the 40 years of its domination of the Philippines, did initiate a number of unorthodox policies for colonialism. They set up a program for the advanced education of hundreds of Filipino students in American universities—a policy which anticipated by 50 years the present Fulbright program of exchange students. They constructed hospitals. They permitted our people the full



The New York Times

DELEGATE DELGADO

enjoyment of civil liberties. They developed and strengthened our democratic institutions. The Americans are no saints, but this you can say of them: as imperialists, they proved to be more inept than their rivals in the game; they allowed us too many liberties; and now that we are independent, they know better than to disregard our opinions or to ignore our rights.

"Here is one little interesting detail: you can discuss, argue and talk back to the Americans, as we have discussed, argued and talked back to them during all the years of our subjection and since—without being slapped down or getting shot at dawn. One wonders, sometimes, what would happen to a Latvian or an Estonian or a Lithuanian who talked back to Mr. Khrushchev? We know, of course, what happened to the Hungarians, who did just that."

* Nixon, campaigning, frequently calls attention to the recent 70-to-0 U.N. vote upholding Hammarskjöld in the Congo, and says, "That's pretty good in football and pretty good in the U.N.!" A 42-to-34 score is obviously a closer game.

entertain visiting potentates or even to mingle freely at the almost nightly parties and receptions.

Since Eisenhower's brief visit, there has been no American at the U.N. to match the glamour or personal flamboyance of a Khrushchev, Macmillan, Nehru or Nkrumah. Secretary of State Christian Herter and U.N. Ambassador James Wadsworth doggedly maintain the U.S. position in debates, but have shown little inclination for genial politicking in the Delegates Lounge. The U.S. aloofness was a deliberate and official policy. The argument: with the heavy agenda of the 15th General Assembly, the U.S. hoped to set a lofty example of hard work.

At week's end there were signs that the U.S. was belatedly reversing its stand. From Washington came rush invitations asking the leaders of 16 new nations to the White House. Somebody might have thought of it sooner.



BRITAIN'S GAITSKELL ADDRESSING LABOR PARTY CONFERENCE
"We will fight and fight and fight."

GREAT BRITAIN Counting Labor Out

Against the fervent and dramatic urgings of Party Leader Hugh Gaitskell, the annual conference of the British Labor Party last week voted a sensational course: to scrap British nuclear weapons, to eject Britain's U.S. allies from airbases on British soil, to pull out of the NATO alliance and count Britain out of the cold war. The decision cracked the crumbling Labor Party wide open. It doomed the Opposition Laborites—who have failed to win the confidence of British voters in three straight elections—to further years in the political wilderness.

The vote did not speak for England, did not speak for Labor's leadership, probably did not speak for more than 10% to 20% of the 12 million Britons who voted for the Labor party in last October's balloting. What happened then? The La-

bor decision, voted in the windy Yorkshire seaside resort of Scarborough, was an outpouring of feuding and bitterness over past defeats, fed by resentment of the U.S. and inspired by the combination of idealism, fears and pacifism that always lurks among Laborites.

Deathwatch. The outcome had actually been decided long in advance, ordained by the strange way the Labor Party is run, in which labor leaders, casting a bloc of a million union votes at a time, can always outvote the so-called constituency parties, which represent the actual British voter. In union halls and smoke-filled rooms, all the big unions had registered their stands and committed their huge bloc votes last summer. When the conference chairman banged his opening gavel in the big Scarborough auditorium, only the delegates representing the various constituency parties remained free to swing their votes—and the only ques-

Dishing It Out. Delegates wove their way down packed aisles to shout their arguments from the tribune in a haze of floodlit smoke. "If the two mad gods of the world want to have a go at each other," roared Cousins, "we want no part of it. We talk of having friendship with Russia—and then we threaten them with the bomb." The boiler-makers' delegate said it with metaphors mixed: "America and Russia are like two grizzly bears trying to get at each other. Let us pull out of this bear garden. Let us act as mediators between these two gorillas." In one emotion-bogged passage, leftist ex-M.P. Ian Mikardo shouted: "I am not prepared to see my loved ones go up in radioactive dust so that we should act as a lightning conductor—as decoy duck—to draw enemy fire on our heads to divert it from New York and Chicago." In some replies to Gaitskellites, "NATO" was spat out like a dirty word. Fiery Michael Foot demanded that imperial Britain, to avoid obliteration, should become a neutralist country "like India, Indonesia, Egypt, Yugoslavia, Ghana."

Finally Gaitskell rose to face the 1,300 cheering, booing, catcalling delegates. Defending the Atlantic alliance against foregone defeat, he made the speech of his life. "Are we so simple," he asked, "as to believe that the Soviet Union is not going to use the power put into its hands if you unilaterally disarm? The West must retain nuclear weapons so long as the Soviet Union has them." Scornfully, he turned on some who argued that Britain could unilaterally disarm its nuclear strength without leaving NATO: "Would these people follow the cowardly, hypocritical course of saying 'We don't want nuclear bombs, but for God's sake, America, protect us'?" And what if Britain did get out of NATO, asked Gaitskell, "The whole alliance may break up. The U.S. might wash its hands of Europe." There was a rumble of protest from the floor and from the galleries. Snapped Gaitskell: "I know there are people who say they'd be glad to see the Americans out. They were glad to see them here in 1942."

His face perspiring in the glaring lights, Gaitskell said grimly that he had read that this whole argument was not about defense at all but about his leadership. Amid whistling, booing and stamping, Gaitskell said that the leadership of the Labor Party is finally determined by the members who sit in the House of Commons, and that "the vast majority of Labor M.P.s are opposed" to neutralism and had made this clear to the men and women who voted for them. The hall was in uproar, but Gaitskell's voice went plowing on: "Do you think we Labor M.P.s can simply accept a decision of this kind and become overnight the pacifists, unilateralists and fellow travelers that other people are?"

On the platform, some party leaders were on their feet applauding; others, notably Vice Chairman Harold Wilson, ambitious for Gaitskell's job, sat immobile. On the floor, a Lancashire delegate shouted: "Eeee—e's dishing it out, isn't

* The Opposition's nickname for Gaitskell.

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'e?' Gaitskell shouted: "We will fight and fight and fight again to bring back sanity and honesty and dignity, so that our movement with its great past may retain its glory and greatness."

The Next Rounds. Gaitskell sat down amid mingled boos, whistles and the strains of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*. In the vote that followed, he lost. But the margin was nothing like the million votes the neutralists had counted on; Cousins' anti-NATO resolution scraped through by 43,000 votes. Gaitskell carried 75% of the constituency-party votes, and next day he had the satisfaction of seeing the conference, by a lopsided vote, uphold his objection to further nationalization of industry as the primary doctrinaire goal of the Labor Party.

Tough, intelligent, determined and, now, icily angry, Oxford-trained Economist Hugh Gaitskell had saved his claim to party leadership and served notice on the somewhat chapfallen neutralists that they had won only one round. But with the intraparty fight still unsettled, the Labor Party looks as if it will not be a serious contender against the Tories for a long time to come.

SPAIN

Edging Away from Franco

Spain's aging Generalissimo Franco dressed up recently in his fanciest uniform and medals to pay a visit to his home region of Galicia on the occasion of the annual feast in La Coruña to the Virgin of the Rosary. La Coruña's clergy had always treated Franco as a favorite son and made much of him; this time Franco sat in the church, unmentioned by the officiating cardinal archbishop. It was an obvious and obviously calculated slight.

The rebuff at La Coruña is the latest in a series that apparently began with the accession of Pope John XXIII two years ago. Once the Roman Catholic Church was only too happy to acknowledge its debt to Franco, the defender of the faith in Spain's bloody civil war. He restored church property and reinstated religious education in the schools. And he held tightly to such ancient ecclesiastical privileges of the Spanish state as its right to nominate bishops. Franco, the little (5 ft. 4 in.) son of a provincial naval paymaster, even insisted on his right to march in church processions under a canopy, an honor Alfonso XIII regally disdained. And in 1954, the Archbishop of Toledo invested Franco with the collar of the Supreme Order of Christ (see cut), the Vatican's highest decoration.

Anthem Unplayed. So far, the church's edging away from Franco is visible more in acts of omission than in commission—in the failure of the Bishop of Barcelona to attend the 20th anniversary of the city's liberation from the Republicans, in the refusal of the abbot to allow the playing of Spain's national anthem at a ceremonial dinner at the famous Basque monastery of Aranzazu (the abbot said the music was not "religious"), or in

Pope John's own studied neglect to include a single reference to Franco in the papal message dedicating Franco's beloved Valley of the Fallen mausoleum church (TIME, April 13, 1959) as a basilica. In filling two Spanish sees, Pope John has twice passed over Franco's original "short list" of suitable episcopal candidates to select Spanish-born bishops from the Vatican's own staff.

Among Spanish churchmen, the most conspicuous defiance of Franco was the petition addressed by some 350 Basque priests last May to their bishops. Because of the flagrant "contradiction between Catholic doctrine relating to the human person, and the violation of this doctrine by a regime that proclaims its official Catholicism and enjoys the full support of the hierarchy," said the priests, a rising wall of hostility was choking off



FRANCO GETTING VATICAN HONOR, 1954
No more praise for the paymaster's son.

their ministry. If the causes of the discontent were ignored, the Basque priests warned, the consequences "can harm the church in our diocese for generations to come." Neither the pre-censored civil press nor the uncensored church press made a reference to the petition until the Papal Nuncio brushed off the letter as an ill-considered act of "some of our wayward sons." Spain's newspapers then rushed to tell their readers that the highly controversial letter, whose existence they never had admitted, had been "rejected." Last week a second petition was reported collecting signatures among non-Basque priests.

Sword Disengaged. Liberal Catholics speculate that not more than ten of Spain's 60-odd bishops actively support Franco, but a majority see no alternative to Franco, and do not want an open break. Their aim seems to be, at most, to

edge away a little, "to break down"—in the words of another lay appeal—"the identification between the sword and the cross." The more liberal were pressing the church to stand more boldly for change in Franco's unhappy Spain, quoting a private proverb of the Spanish peasant: "We Spaniards are always at the back of the priest with a candle—or an ax."

FRANCE

De Gaulle Under Attack

President Charles de Gaulle, for whom everything seemed turning up roses scarcely a year ago, is feeling a few thorns.

At home, the man who was installed to end the Algerian war, is being attacked because he remains indecisive about it. From right and left last week, manifestoes were flung across France demanding solutions for Algeria, and Paris witnessed its first anti-De Gaulle riot when a mob of 3,000 young right-wingers shouting "Algeria is French!" tried to march on the presidential palace and were bloodily dispersed by club-swinging cops.

De Gaulle's onetime Tunisian supporter, President Habib Bourguiba, has now turned against him. Long eager to mediate between De Gaulle and the Algerian rebels, Bourguiba was outraged when De Gaulle refused to even see the Tunisian ambassador in Paris. Bourguiba's own son, Bourguiba ordered him recalled. As for Algeria, Bourguiba's patience seemed to have run out. Said he: "We will accept all action, all aid, all intervention. Whether it is under Russian or Chinese pressure, through American intervention, or finally by direct negotiations, any means is good to put an end to the war in Algeria."

At week's end De Gaulle heard more unpleasant news from his good friend, west Germany's Chancellor Adenauer. French Premier Michel Debré had flown to Bonn to try to explain De Gaulle's plans for building up the six-nation European Community at NATO's expense and for establishing his own \$1.3 billion nuclear defense force independent of NATO. Adenauer wants no part of plans that would weaken NATO, and he produced a powerful argument: a private letter from President Dwight Eisenhower warning that any change in the structure of NATO might lead the U.S. to reconsider its commitment to keep U.S. troops stationed in Western Europe.

As if he had not heard a word of what his critics said, De Gaulle was not only undeterred but ready to add a new demand for a veto on practically all Western defense plans. Addressing a crowd at Grenoble during a swing through eastern France, De Gaulle said: "France intends that if, by misfortune, atomic bombs were to be dropped on the world, none should be dropped by the free world's side unless she should have accepted it, and that, from her soil, no atomic bomb should be launched unless she herself should have decided it." He was still a man who did not seem to mind a lonely eminence.

IRAN

Promise to Reform

In his hurry to build roads, dams and schools (and on the upkeep of his regime), Iran's handsome Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi has spent all the \$265 million a year his country gets from oil revenues and quite a bit more. Now Iran faces a balance of payments deficit of \$130 million over the next two years. Until recently, the Shah has ignored the unpopular advice of Western economic advisers, who told him the deficit could have been avoided by vigorously curbing domestic inflation, and by clamping down on the import of luxury items that use up the hard currencies desperately needed for economic development.

Last week, on the Shah's promise to make the required reforms, the International Monetary Fund promised to advance \$35 million, and to forbear collecting another \$17.5 million lent to Iran earlier for monetary stabilization. The U.S. also agreed to come through with additional credits. In return, Iran promised 1) to tighten up on unnecessary imports, 2) reduce government spending not needed for economic development, 3) halt the inflation of bank credit that last year alone boosted Iran's price level 20%.

TURKEY

The Phony Incident

One night five years ago, in the Greek city of Salonica, a bomb exploded outside the house where Kemal Ataturk, father of modern Turkey, was born. The Turkish state radio boomed the news that Greeks had done it. Turkish tempers, already exacerbated by the long quarrel with Greece over Cyprus, flared into a night of shameful violence against the 100,000 Greeks living in Istanbul. Within hours a mob armed with pickaxes and crowbars marched down Istanbul's Independence Avenue yelling "Cyprus is Turkish, not Greek!" A Greek Orthodox priest was scalped and another burned alive, 78 Greek churches were set afire and 4,000 Greek stores looted, before Turkish troops and police finally decided to quell the rioters. The Greek government protested that the Turkish police were suspiciously ineffectual in trying to control the mob, and the ensuing bitterness prolonged the long agony of Cyprus.

Last week Turkey's new revolutionary rulers acknowledged that Greek suspicions had been right all along—the whole thing had been planned. The tip-off came with the arrest of Turkey's former Vice Premier and Foreign Minister, Mehmet Fuat Koprulu, 69, a respected professor and one of the founding members of the Democratic Party. Koprulu's part had been apparently minor. The chief culprits, said the Turkish government, were already in custody—President Celal Bayar, Premier Adnan Menderes, and ex-Foreign Minister Fatih Zorlu. This is the story as told by a spokesman for Turkey's new military junta:

Zorlu returned from a London confer-

ence on the Cyprus issue convinced that the Turkish case required strengthening, told Premier Menderes and President Bayar that what was needed was some incident to spark a display of Turkish patriotic fervor. The plot to set off the Salonica bomb was then hatched.

The day of the bombing, President Bayar and Premier Menderes were in Istanbul; at 6 p.m. they calmly boarded the express for Ankara, figuring that the mob would only smash a few Greek windows and break a few Greek heads. But the mob got out of hand, beating Greeks and sacking stores with abandon. The Istanbul governor panicked, tried frantically to reach Bayar and Menderes, finally managed to get a telephone message to a station-master, who stopped the train. In the middle of the night, Bayar and Menderes raced back to Istanbul by car, where



TURKEY'S EX-FOREIGN MINISTER KOPRULU
The plot got out of hand.

they declared martial law and finally ended the carnage.

In subsequent weeks the Menderes regime continued to blame the Greeks for the bomb in Salonica, the Communists for the riots in Istanbul. Koprulu's only part in the affair was to defend the government's action during debates in the National Assembly, though privately he had been critical.

When police came to arrest him last week, unfulfilled Professor Koprulu said: "I have absolute faith in the justice of the supreme revolutionary court and am confident the guilt of the real culprits will be established." Then he joined the other 537 political prisoners in the island jail of Yassiadra.

Their trials are expected to commence this week. A spokesman of the National Unity Committee chillingly announced that "sentences will be carried out immediately, defendants will not have right of appeal, curfews will be imposed on execution nights."

COMMUNISTS

Subversion on the Farm

In their slide-rule approach to life, the Communists have always had their worst troubles with agriculture. Nothing in Marx or Engels tells how to make a peasant milk the state's cow as zealously as his own or to treat the state's tractor as carefully as if he owned it. And nature itself has a way of defying the drafters of five-year plans. Both Moscow and Peking were complaining last week.

Radio Moscow admitted "alarming" delays in harvesting grain in Kazakhstan, Khrushchev's favorite Central Asian "virgin lands" region, which was counted on to boost this year's grain harvest 6% above 1958's 141 million-ton harvest. Many of the tractors needed to cut the crops before the first snow were out of order for lack of spare parts, grumbled Radio Moscow. Millions of bushels of cut grain were still lying out in the open because thousands of "volunteer" workers had quit in disgust with low wages and Kazakhstan's primitive living conditions. In a similar situation Nikita Khrushchev in January fired Kazakhstan's party secretary; the new fellow may soon be out of a job, too.

Peking's *People's Daily* dolefully informed readers that in 1960 half of China's cropland had been visited by drought, floods, hordes of insects or other natural disaster. While Russia, with bumper crops in the Ukraine and northern Caucasus to compensate for Kazakhstan's losses, may yet do a little better than 1959's thoroughly mediocre harvest, the Chinese Communists seemed to be preparing their hungry people for the worst harvest since they took over in 1949. Already cut to a daily ration of 1,750 calories, Chinese commune workers were being admonished by mess-hall signs: "It is glorious to eat less than one's food ration."

In another Orwellian display of converting failures into successes, the Chinese Communists last week found a bright side even to the breakdown of railroad transportation. Peking's *Evening News* reported that thousands of passengers had written in declaring their delight in the fact that express trains often made unscheduled stops of 15 minutes or more because the delays gave them a chance to get out and perform calisthenics. "After the exercises," women of Chekiang province were quoted, "our limbs felt more relaxed and our brain more sober."

CONGO

Entr'acte

While the world's statesmen hotly debated its fate in the U.N., the Congo sprawled in the equator's heat, torpid and listless. The riotous chaos and killing had mostly stopped. In its place was a vapid, restless calm.

The Congolese are supposed to hate the Belgians, but daily a wizened black appeared at the big statue of King Albert to tend the flowers and clean away the scraps

of paper; no mob had thought to topple Albert or the big figure of Leopold II that stands before the Parliament building. Léopoldville has no visible revenue, but somehow the lights functioned, the garbage was collected and the water ran normally. Government departments were hardly functioning, but to the utter amazement of Manhattan financiers, a check arrived at Dillon, Read & Co.'s Wall Street offices from the Congo's Central Bank paying in full the \$393,750 interest due Oct. 1 on Congo bonds.

Scotch & Politics. Léopoldville had the look of a foreigners' town; Indonesian captains and Swedish colonels strolled the sidewalks, putting their U.N. salaries into snail, *pâté* and wine dinners at the few remaining good restaurants or into the mass-produced ivory "handicraft" souvenirs spread on the sidewalks by tall Hausa hawkers from the north. Influence peddlers, spies and quick-money operators were flocking in from abroad; an American opened the "Afro-Negro Bar," where U.N. officials, newsmen and merchants crowded in to drink Scotch and argue politics amid the din at the bar while a Nigerian band played Dixieland jazz in the next room.

The Congo's political Hydra still had three heads: Colonel Joseph Mobutu, Joseph Kasavubu and Patrice Lumumba. But each now seemed to have lost even the vigor for plotting one another's doom. All had their squads of gun-toting guards, but the most strenuous weapon any dared to use was the press conference; in one day harassed reporters covered five. Now and then, one or the other summoned energy for a daring stroke, then subsided quietly. Colonel Mobutu, complaining of fever and frazzled nerves, seemed mainly content to send occasional squads of his troops through the streets to remind everyone of the "neutrality" that he had imposed on all the others.

"Hear, Hear." Erratic Patrice Lumumba emerged from the Premier's residence only long enough to attend a 9 p.m. "luncheon" put on by the diplomats from Guinea, who still wistfully hoped to propel him back to power. Looking dour and wan, he declaimed his standard piece: the Soviet Union was the only nation interested in peace; he had asked the U.S. for help but was told to get it from the U.N. "I did not understand this comedy," he cried. But now everything was clear: the U.S. wanted a monopoly on Katanga's uranium, and big American interests wanted to extend their concessions to exploit Congolese raw materials.* Ghana's representatives cried "hear, hear." But when it



Larry Burrows

U.N.'s CONGO CHIEF DAYAL
The Hydra had three heads.

was all over, Lumumba went forlornly home and did not emerge for days.

The truth was that even Lumumba's closest backers in Parliament, the men from his own Eastern Province, were abandoning his lurching bandwagon. Ten of them called a press conference to denounce their former leader. Releasing a document reportedly signed by 29 of the province's 34 legislators, they announced: "We now take back our parliamentary support of Lumumba." On the heels of this came word that Minister of Sport Maurice Mpolo, one of Lumumba's cronies, had quit. Rumors spread that Lumumba was in a psychiatrist's care, and these were hardly squelched by an announcement from the "Premier's office"

of the formation of a new "Cabinet" containing two of Lumumba's bitterest foes, Jean Bolikango and Albert Kalonji. Neither, it turned out, had been consulted, and would not consider serving with Lumumba if he had been.

The Tranquil Colonel. It seemed a good moment for Colonel Mobutu either to arrest Lumumba or to call Parliament together and legally put an end to the troublemaking Premier and his claims of legislative majority. But tranquil Mobutu seemed in no hurry. "Why should I get worried about him?" he asked visitors. "I'll just leave him neutralized in that house."

Wearily watching the languorous proceedings from a sixth-floor office in a lofty Léopoldville apartment building was the U.N.'s head man in the Congo, able Rajeshwar Dayal, 51, whose frustrating task was to deal with a government that does not even exist. Dayal was handicapped by Dag Hammarskjöld seven weeks ago to relieve Ralph Bunche after Dayal's brilliant negotiation of India's Indus River pact with Pakistan. Dayal is never far from the job, sleeping just down the hall, where aides can and frequently do awaken him with urgent problems.

An Indian aristocrat with 20 years of background in India's exacting elite civil service, Dayal has the Oriental patience to deal with his daily exasperations. Last week his officials produced an imaginative public works scheme that will keep 4,600 Congolese employed for two months, discussed it with Mobutu's ruling high commissioners. As usual, they could come to no final decision even on so clearly practical a project.

But most of the time Dayal's men cannot even find Congolese to discuss such things with. "We deal from day to day with whomever we can find," sighs Dayal, adding optimistically, "I believe it will all get sorted out, because it must."



Terence Spencer

U.N. TROOPS & ENTERTAINER AT CONGO SIDEWALK CAFE
But the check arrived on time.

* Katanga's uranium deposits, once valuable, have been in disuse for several years since discovery of richer lodes elsewhere; U.S. investors have never been involved heavily in Congo projects, have shown little inclination to be involved in risky Congo ventures since the start of the crisis. Biggest single U.S. investment is the Ryan and Guggenheim groups' 25% share in *Forminère*, the rich Kasai industrial-diamond producer. The Rockefeller brothers have roughly \$3,000,000 tied up in Congolese mining and textile production. Total U.S. share of all Congo investment: between 1% and 2%.

SOUTH AFRICA

Ja for Verwoerd

Ever since the Boer-dominated Nationalist government took over in 1948, its unwavering goal has been a republic for South Africa, shorn of the ties to Britain's monarch that recalled the ugly days of the Boer War. Most of the English-speaking whites opposed the idea of a total breakaway from Britain, fearing not only the economic stagnation that might result from loss of Commonwealth trade ties, but also the free hand this would give to Nationalist Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd's white-supremacist *apartheid* policy.

Last week, the bitter debate reached its climax as the nation prepared to settle the matter once and for all in a national referendum called two months ago by Verwoerd. Only the 3,000,000 whites participated; South Africa's 11,800,000 blacks, coloreds and Asians were not allowed to vote.

Never had a political issue been so passionately disputed. Opposing gangs roamed the city streets, plastering their own placards on lampposts, ripping down the posters of the other side. The English-language papers openly plugged the anti-republican side, just as Afrikaner editors gave the headlines to government workers who were urging the electorate to vote *Ja*. One excited anti-republic housewife out shopping heaved a custard pie into the face of a jeering Nationalist.

White Message. The anti-republicans were especially angered by a Nationalist official who referred in public to the Queen as "the madam in England," dredged up a 1944 statement of current Foreign Minister Eric Louw: "As long as we remain in the British Commonwealth, we shall continually be hindered by British liberalism in our efforts to solve the color problem and the Jewish question." In reply, Verwoerd sought to mollify South Africans of English background with a mimeographed letter to a million whites: "The struggle between Eastern and Western nations is such that both groups will grant and concede anything, including the white man of Africa, his possessions and rights, to seek the favor and support of the black man . . . We should at least combine and protect ourselves."^{*}

What made the question more important than repudiating fealty to the Crown was that any such change requires all other Commonwealth members to decide whether to accept South Africa as a member under the new terms. The opposition was afraid that such black countries as Ghana and Nigeria would veto Commonwealth membership for South Africa and thus end its valuable Commonwealth tariff preferences. This, cried Opposition Leader Sir de Villiers Graaff, might be "a final mistake that may well lead to the



PRIME MINISTER VERWOERD
Revenge for the past.

end of the good life that you and I have known in this country." Added Progressive Party Leader Jan Steytler: "This republic will make us an outcast people."

Before the polls opened on election morning, long rows of anxious voters stood impatiently to cast their ballots. At first the overwhelmingly anti-government vote from the big cities indicated that the republic might be defeated. But the tide turned in favor of Verwoerd when the *platteland* returns began arriving. By nightfall, the Nats had a 74,000 majority, giving them 52% of the votes—even though statistics showed many of Verwoerd's own Afrikaners had voted *Nee*, not *Ja*.



LEI CHEN
Lament for the future.

"The beginning of a new era," crowed the Prime Minister, who promised that he would go in person to the Commonwealth Prime Ministers Conference in London early next year to plead South Africa's case for staying in the Commonwealth club. Anyway, he announced, he would not abolish formal allegiance to the Queen until a decent period had elapsed, to "let the grass grow over the wound."

FORMOSA

The Taipei Railroad

When Lei Chen, 63, publisher of *Formosa's* wistfully ineffective opposition *Free China Fortnightly*, in August announced plans to start a China Democratic Party to give the Kuomintang its first real opposition (*TIME*, Sept. 19), the authorities apparently decided to arrest him first on sedition charges and then see what proof they could find. They also arrested his business manager, Ma Chih-su, 38, and his former accountant and secretary, quiet, moody Liu Tzu-ying, 54. Without waiting for the trial, the government's *Central Daily News* laid out the government's case. Secretary Liu had confessed, reported the *News*, that before Nanking fell in 1949 he was chairman of the city's Communist Party headquarters. Subsequently he decided to go to Formosa to spy for the Communists. He informed his boss Lei Chen of his mission, and Lei Chen even used his own Hong Kong bank account to collect remittances for Liu Tzu-ying from the Communists on the mainland.

Last week the three went on trial in Taipei. First witness up was Secretary Liu, who did not testify as the *News* had promised. He admitted only that he had stayed in Nanking after the fall of the city, and had talked with the wife of former (1939-42) Nationalist Ambassador to Moscow Shao Li-tze, who subsequently defected to the Communists. He promised her that he would carry on Communist propaganda work once he reached Formosa. But he said that when he told Publisher Lei of his plans, Lei warned him that the security was too strict, so he did nothing subversive.

Taking the stand in his own defense, Publisher Lei—who never denied befriending Liu as a refugee—denied knowing that Liu was a Communist agent. The real issue, said Lei, was whether the government could get away with such a "smear" of honest critics. "All we wished to do is urge the government to implement peaceful reform in order to avoid bloodshed. If the charges against me can be substantiated, I need not mourn my personal fate. But I must mourn the future of my country."

Lei might have saved his breath. At week's end the military court found all three men guilty, sentenced elderly Publisher Lei Chen to ten years' imprisonment with an additional seven years' deprivation of citizenship rights, sufficient to keep him out of politics until 1977.

^{*} Ironically, one on the mailing list was David Pratt, who last April fired two shots into Verwoerd as the "symbol of *apartheid*," now is in a mental institution by court order.



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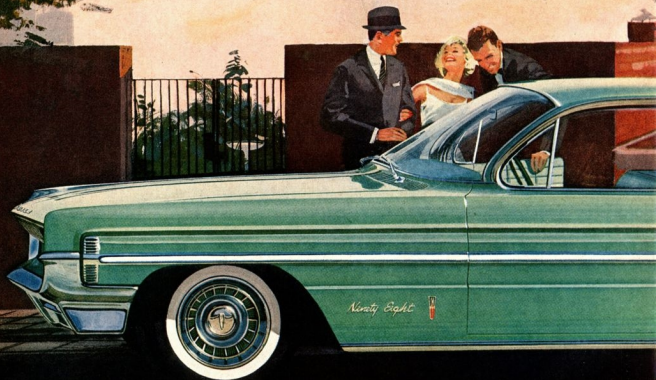
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Antonio Piorelli
QUADROS ON ELECTION DAY
"Liberty is a daily battle."

BRAZIL

The New President

As 12.5 million Brazilians went to the polls last week to elect a new President, the expected tight race turned into no contest at all. With better than half the vote counted, Opposition Candidate Jânio da Silva Quadros, 43, held a huge 1,600,000-vote lead over the incumbent administration's man, Field Marshal Henrique Teixeira Lott, and seemed certain to roll up the greatest plurality in history. Quadros not only won his home state of São Paulo, he also jumped ahead in Lott's own state of Minas Gerais and won the no man's land in between. Said Quadros in a message to his nation: "Without reservations or hate, I call on all Brazilians to labor for the common welfare."

Brilliance & Temperament. In Jânio Quadros, Brazil got a curious blend of introvert and extravert, a man of wide learning whose political thought borrows from Lincoln and Jefferson, who is a hard-working, conservative-minded public servant in office, yet who campaigns with a ward politician's gallus-snapping appeal for the mass vote, promising all things to all men. He is a man whose life has been studded with flaring spurts of brilliance and temperament. The son of an upcountry gynecologist with roving ways who was finally shot dead at 68 by the irate husband of a 26-year-old woman, Quadros got his early training mostly from his mother, a wise and gentle woman, who taught him that "no man could be slightly dishonorable or partly honest." At parochial prep school (Quadros is a practicing Catholic), the tall youth with the oddly staring eyes* was so rebellious that he learned large chunks of Ovid and Horace by heart in after-school punishment time. After a shaky start

in law school at São Paulo's state university, he went through his final years with top marks, married a beautiful girl who at first glance thought him "the ugliest man I ever met," and started off on his career.

Intense, shock-haired and magnetic, Quadros plunged into politics in 1946 at the urging of high school pupils to whom he was teaching Portuguese literature, won a seat on São Paulo's city council. He has come out ahead in every election since—state deputy, mayor of São Paulo city (the Chicago of Brazil), governor of São Paulo state. On the stump, he emphasized the fact that he worked around the clock by letting his beard go three days without a shave. Once in office, he built a reputation for honesty and efficiency. "Liberty," as he put it, "is not a permanent concession but a daily battle."

Debts Paid, Foundation Built. In his first year as São Paulo mayor, Quadros paid off the old deficit of \$12.5 million and balanced the budget at \$55 million; in his first year as São Paulo governor, he paid off an overdue \$30 million loan from the Bank of Brazil, and still managed to chart an efficient public works foundation for what is now the biggest industrial complex in Brazil.

Though Quadros' campaign pitch curved left and right to suit his audience, he can be expected to follow his own straight line of Brazil-style conservatism. He is committed to continue outgoing President Juscelino Kubitschek's building program, but he intends to hobble inflation. "If inflation could create wealth, there would be no more economic problems," he says. The question is whether he can impose his strong will on Brazil, which has become accustomed to Kubitschek's free-spending, money-printing ways. São Paulo city and São Paulo state were both small enough so that Quadros could exercise the in-person supervision needed to keep officials at work and honest. But the entire, sprawling nation is something else.

THE HEMISPHERE

U.S. TOTAL → 450

THE AMERICAS

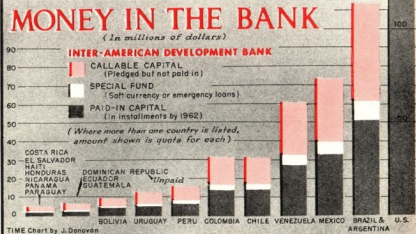
New Builder at Work

The all-too-apparent need for easing the economic and social aches and pains of Latin America took concrete form last week in a set of redecorated offices in a nondescript building in Washington. With a ceremonial round of martinis, pisco sours* and Brazilian coffee, the Inter-American Development Bank declared itself ready for business at 801 Nineteenth Street. No sooner were the doors open than the loan ideas started pouring in. What could the bank do for a dietetic laboratory in Mexico? How about a farm machinery credit house in Chile?

Look-Alike. The bank's least hidden asset is its first president, a plump, articulate Chilean named Felipe Herrera. Once a Socialist, and at 38 still prone to consider banking economics as mere means to social ends, Herrera has labored nonstop to get the bank going ever since he was elected last February. By his own methodical count, he has been on the road 92 days, visited 19 countries, explained the bank to 18 Presidents, 3 Presidents-elect, 85 government ministers, 42 political party leaders ("while gaining six pounds and losing seven shirts and five handkerchiefs").

From the sidewalk, Herrera's new bank is hard to distinguish from all the other international financial agencies that root their initials deep in the bureaucratic soil of Washington. IADB's planned capitalization is \$599,476,000; by far the biggest

* Concocted of skull-popping (90 proof) pisco brandy from the western coast of South America, lemon juice, sugar and egg white—very potent.



* Ever since a piece of broken bottle severed an optic muscle during a childhood carnival celebration, Quadros has been walled.

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share (\$450 million) will come from the U.S. with the rest to be contributed by 19 other hemisphere republics* (see chart).

Built-In Scope. The new bank has divided its cash in two. The larger portion, 85%, will be used for normal development loans repayable in the currency lent. The rest will make up a special fund for emergencies or for special projects outside the normal scope of banking, e.g., roads in Bolivia. Regardless of what currency the special loans are made in, they can be made repayable partly or wholly in the currency of the borrowing nation. Interest on normal loans will be a maximum of 6%, low by Latino standards; on special loans the rate will be as little as 3%. The new bank bears little beneath-the-façade resemblance to the other development outfits that the U.S. is caught up in. Public Law 480 sells U.S. surplus agricultural products for local currencies, then lends back the payments for development. The Export-Import Bank makes loans exclusively for the purchase of U.S. equipment and commodities. The International Cooperation Administration dispenses grant aid and technical assistance. The International Finance Corporation operates on a small scale as an affiliate of the World Bank and the IMF to invest in private enterprise.

Its built-in scope made the new development bank the natural organization to handle the Eisenhower plan for single-handed, soft-loan social development of Latin America by the U.S. The hope is that inter-American administration can help avoid the kind of situation that currently exists in Peru, where U.S. aid for housing and land reform is being blocked by opposition politicians. The \$500 million that the U.S. has promised for the plan will be administered separately from the bank's other activities—as will other future U.S. contributions, expected to total billions before the building job is finished.

CUBA

Growing Troubles

From Fidel Castro's Armed Forces Ministry one day last week came a high-pitched communiqué. An invasion force, said the ministry, landed on the north shore of Oriente province and was engaged by the militia. In the fight Invasion Leader Argentino Fera, described as a follower of Batista Gangster Rolando Masferrer, was killed. Captured, according to the communiqué, were two of his men, plus a U.S. flag, a U.S. Army manual, a U.S. Army uniform, seven U.S. carbines and three muleloads of ammunition. The remaining invaders, totaling 24 men, escaped to the hills. Inevitably the ministry charged that the invasion was dispatched from the U.S. by the "circles that direct policies of the U.S. Government."

Washington's response was a snort. Said a State Department spokesman: "I am impressed with the ingenuity of the Cu-

bans in arranging a delegation with an American flag flying at its head. They neglected only one thing—to have them rush up a hill yelling 'charge!'"

The affair had its comic aspect; yet it was no more evidence of Castro's growing troubles. Some 315 miles to the west, in the Sierra Escambray, small groups of oppositionists have joined in a restless guerrilla force estimated at 400 to 1,000 fighting men. Castro has sent 10,000 to 15,000 militia to surround the rebels, who apparently are getting weapons by air. Last week the Cubans were getting so nervous that they forced down a Nicaraguan cargo plane, grilled the pilots for eight hours.

The biggest stirrings were not yet in the hills but in the streets and on the farms. Among the middle class that financed Castro's revolt, a grim saying has




ARCHBISHOP PÉREZ SERANTES
One old rebel could still speak.


spread: "We brought him to power, and we'll bring him down." One old rebel who can still speak out, Santiago's Archbishop Pérez Serantes, spoke for all in a new pastoral letter read in Oriente province. "How many Communists did for the revolution as much as our own did?" he asked his people. "Must we suffer tamely and silently having these now come and give lessons in patriotism to heroes? Cuba, Yes; Communism, No."

But Castro hesitated not a step in his march to Moscow. The word in Havana was that Economic Czar Ernesto ("Che") Guevara would go to Russia in November and there ask for increased aid, possibly even consigning Cuba's entire sugar crop to the Soviets. Unless Russia was prepared to play Santa Claus, the deal could only worsen Cuba's economic plight. Just diverting one-third of this year's harvest to Iron Curtain countries at their prices (3½¢ per lb. v. 4¢ production cost) was enough to slash sugar workers' wages from \$1.31 daily to \$1.09.

* Castro Cuba refuses to participate.

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PEOPLE

After long basking on the French Riviera, **Somerset Maugham** returned to London for a ten-week chill in Britain's foggy-foggy autumnal dews. At 86, Author Maugham is possibly as acidly opinionated as ever in his life. He himself never published anything that was censoriously naughty, and he apparently has no patience with those who do, or did. Said he of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*: "Rather boring. As for the scatological parts, they didn't tell me anything I didn't know before." Of *Lolita*: "I read the first 74 pages. Then I was too bored to go on. Shocked? Damn it, it takes more than that to shock me. Nothing shocks me except cruelty." And what does he think of women these days? "As far as I can judge, with women it is all take and no give. There must be some women who are not liars. I do know a few women I am extremely fond of, but at my age one's attitude is rather different from a young man's." One London attraction: "A crematorium for my personal use" nearby.

Positive proof that Sweden's Cinemactress **Ingrid Bergman** is an admirer of France's favorite adult bedtime storyteller, supreme Triangulator **Françoise Sagan**, came last December when Ingrid agreed, without haggling about acting conditions or money, to star in a movie version of Françoise's latest bundy bagatelle, *Do You Like Brahms?* Françoise, visiting the movie's set at Paris' Boulogne Studios, obviously reciprocated the admiration.

All but signed on the dotted line as president of the National Association of Broadcasters was Florida's genial Demo-



BERGMAN & SAGAN
Positive proof.

cratic Governor **LeRoy Collins** whose \$22,500-a-year term expires in January. After his effective chairing of the Democratic Convention in Los Angeles earlier this year, Collins hinted that he was open for an ambassadorial or Cabinet post if the Democrats win. Best guess as to why Collins would choose October's bird-in-hand instead of waiting for the iffy outcome of November's election: \$100,000 a year.

At London's Covent Garden Royal Opera House, Swedish Soprano **Birgit Nilsson** wowed almost everyone—critics and public alike—with her passionate singing of Brünnhilde in Wagner's *Die Walküre*. But one listener was unimpressed—Critic



SOPRANO NILSSON
Negative note.

Peter Branscombe of London's *Financial Times*, which takes a passing interest in music. Pronounced Branscombe: "She is not yet the perfect Brünnhilde, but her sense of the stage is deepening." That one sour note was enough for Birgit to conclude that London is a town with rocks in its head. Cried she caustically: "I will not sing the part again in London until I'm more matured." But it was merely a fit of pique: at week's end Birgit was back on the London stage.

At an off-Broadway theater, sultry Singer Lena Horne dropped in on opening night to catch her daughter, **Gail Jones**, 22, in a musical titled *Valmouth* and having to do with the antics of a mixed bag of aristocrats, plebeians and Far Eastern visitors at an English seaside resort. The critics thought the show "tired" and "a mess," but one allowed that Gail might



SINGER JONES & MOTHER
Dubious resort.

ride more handsomely in another vehicle. Tersely observed the *New York Times*: "Gail may turn out to be a singer."

Back home in Utah, where most G.O.P. strategists hope he will remain inconspicuous during the campaign, long-embattled Secretary of Agriculture **Esra Taft Benson** got a pleasant surprise. Some folks in Utah are still very fond of him—so much so that they would like Benson to be their next Governor. His return set off a drive by anonymous backers to wage a write-in campaign for Benson, as it was too late to get his name on the Utah ballot by petition. Oddly, Benson might have had a slender chance of election: Utah voters warm little to grey-toned Republican George Clyde, running for re-election, or to his opponent, Democrat William Barlocker, a brash and green small-town politico. "It's news to me," muttered Esra Taft Benson in pleased perplexity. But later he came out foursquare for drab George Clyde.

After spending only two days of a scheduled four in Moscow, bodkin-tongued Comic **Mort Sahl** packed up and lammed for Denmark, scared and indignant. Noted for his sardonic comments on U.S. life, Mort was outraged by the quick slice of Soviet life that he sampled. Moscow is "a huge, grey, plodding society with everybody shuffling up and down the streets," his hotel room was "filthy, impossible," the food "uneatable and indigestible," all else "decrepit." Breathing the pure Danish air, he Sahliquized: "They left us no privacy. It reminded me of George Orwell's 1984 society, really frightening. I can use a lot of this in my show, but I'm afraid most of it will be on the same line as Bob Hope's recent crack about his TV set in Russia—it watched him."

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Courier from Earth

With 35 U.S. and Soviet satellites having lost some of their gee-whiz excitement. But though the public may be getting jaded, U.S. satellites are just getting really useful. Last week, three years to the day after the Russians launched their era-opening Sputnik I, a U.S. Army communications satellite, launched from Cape Canaveral with little fanfare, went into orbit and calmly began to receive, store and spew back a stream of voice and Teletype messages sent up from the earth.

Courier 1B is a 51-in., 300-lb. sphere containing 300 lbs. of electronic apparatus. Developed by the Army Signal Corps, its surface is spangled with 10,152 solar cells, which look like bluish safety-razor blades and generate 62 watts when the sun is shining on them. The power can be used immediately or stored for future use in batteries.

Prodigious Appetite. The most important items in Courier 1B are five tape recorders, one of them handling voice and the other four (some are stand-bys) recording and transmitting high-speed Teletype messages. Soon after the satellite went into orbit, it recorded a taped message from President Eisenhower that was sent up to it while it was passing over the Army's communications laboratory at Fort Monmouth, N.J. When Courier 1B approached Puerto Rico, a Signal Corps radio at Salinas commanded it to repeat the President's words. This it duly did, and the message was forwarded by conventional radio to New York for delivery to Frederick Boland, President of the General Assembly of the United Nations.

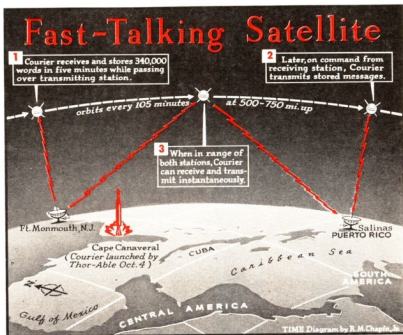
With this ceremonial off its chest, the satellite really got to work. Whenever it passed over Fort Monmouth or Salinas, the Signal Corps loaded it with hundreds of thousands of words of Teletype messages, including space-filling test items such as the text of the Constitution of the U.S. Courier's appetite is prodigious. During the 14 minutes that it stays within range of a ground station, it can ingest the 773,693 words of the King James Version of the Bible.

Tape Trick. The words are stored on magnetic tape in highly condensed code, and they race down from space so fast that 720 high-speed Teletype machines would be needed to keep up with them. The Signal Corps, of course, has no such Teletype brigade. Its trick is to record the satellite's signals directly on tape, then slow the tape so that normal machines can deal with the signals at their leisure. Beyond this operation, the satellite can be instructed to receive and transmit any message simultaneously. This permits communication on line-of-sight microwaves between places such as Fort Monmouth and Puerto Rico, which are separated by a high bulge of the earth's curvature.

Courier 1B, however successful, is only an experimental job. It communicates with two stations only, and its orbit (500 miles perigee, 750 miles apogee) is too low to bring it in range of all parts of the earth. The Signal Corps plan is to supplant it eventually by three communications satellites spaced around the earth on once-per-day orbits 22,000 miles up. At this altitude each will stay fixed above

maser, is a solid-state device.* Existing masers generate or amplify radio microwaves with extreme efficiency, and they have revolutionized many branches of science, including accurate timekeeping and radio astronomy. But as soon as radio masers were in the bag, scientists began to dream about optical (visible light) masers.

Blood-Red Heart. Light and radio waves are both electromagnetic. But light waves are very much shorter and therefore have much higher frequency. They cannot be generated, tuned, filtered or



its own part of the rotating earth. Anyone wanting to send the King James Version—or any message of similar length—from Port Said to Las Vegas or Tokyo will always be able to find satellites to do the job in 14 minutes.

Fantastic Red Spot

It appeared as a mere spot of red light flashed last week on a screen. But scientists of Bell Telephone Laboratories at Murray Hill, N.J., are sure their new gadget, called a maser, from which the light came, will lead to astonishing things. The waves of red light moved exactly in step; other light is helter-skelter. The waves kept to the same razor-edged frequency; other light is a mixture of frequencies. They formed a slender pencil beam that hardly spread out at all. If they had marched to the moon—240,000 miles—they would have covered less than one twenty-fifth of its face.

The strange new light came from an optical maser (a word formed from the initials of Microwave Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation). The optical maser is a long-predicted device that many famous laboratories have been racing to achieve, and may prove as important as the transistor, which, like the

amplified by the handy electronic apparatus used for radio waves. The new maser techniques promise, at least theoretically, to harness light waves just as radio waves have been harnessed.

The heart of the Bell optical maser is a rod of synthetic ruby $\frac{1}{8}$ in. in diameter and $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. long. It is chiefly aluminum oxide, but atoms of chromium replace a small amount of the aluminum, and these atoms cause the maser action.

Surrounding the ruby rod is a spiral flash tube rather like the tube of a photographer's strobe lamp. When a pulse of electricity passes through the tube, it gives a powerful burst of white (mixed) light, some of which strikes into the ruby rod. Certain wave lengths are absorbed by the chromium atoms, raising them mo-

* "Solid state" is an inclusive term that covers electronic and related devices whose action takes place in solid materials, usually crystals, instead of in the vacuum of electronic tubes. In many cases the action is similar. The transistor, the most famous solid-state device, is closely analogous to the familiar tubes in radios. Chief difference is that the electrons that make it work do not move across a pumped-out vacuum. Instead, they move through the tiny clear channels between the lined-up atoms of a germanium or silicon crystal, which provide a sort of readymade vacuum.

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mentarily to very high energy levels. They drop back down almost immediately, but instead of falling all the way, they accumulate at a level that still contains considerable energy. After the light flash has shone on the ruby rod for a few millionths of a second, a large number of the chromium atoms are perched on this intermediate level.

Then a sort of chain reaction happens. A few atoms drop spontaneously to the lowest energy level, emitting photons (units) of deep red light. The photons hit other chromium atoms, knocking them off their energy shelf and making them emit more photons of red light. The photons that move sideways escape from the rod, but a few of them hit its polished ends, which the scientists have covered with a thin film of silver that reflects nearly all of them back into the rod. This reflected light moves lengthwise between the two end mirrors, traversing all of the ruby rod, knocking billions of chromium atoms off the energy shelf and releasing a vast amount of red light, all of whose waves are in step and all of which move parallel to the sides of the rod. A few of those waves escape through the silver of one mirror, which is not quite thick enough to be totally opaque, and form the pencil beam of red maser light.

25-Mile Beam. The light comes in short bursts a few millionths of a second apart, and they make a flash that lasts less than a thousandth of a second. But the light is incredibly bright and concentrated. When Bell scientists set up the maser at Holmdel, N.J. and pointed its beam to hit the Murray Hill laboratory 25 miles away, the red flashes could be clearly seen with the naked eye, and they registered strongly on photomultiplier tubes. Bell Labs, whose primary interest is in communication, looks forward to perfecting long-reaching maser beams that could carry everything from telephone chatter to as many as 10 million TV programs.

Such use is far in the future. The present maser does not operate continuously; and it cannot be used as an amplifier. When more efficient optical masers really get working, their use will be almost unlimited. Items:

- ① Single-frequency maser light may be used to measure long distances with the millionth-of-an-inch accuracy now possible only in laboratories.
- ② Large volumes of maser light or infrared may control delicate selective chemical reactions, perhaps separating one atomic isotope from another. The most interesting isotope to separate: uranium 235 for nuclear weapons or peaceful power.
- ③ Since visible light can carry vastly more information than radio waves, a beam of maser light accurately trained on Mars could handle all the communications that would ever be needed by a Mars colony.
- ④ A high-power beam concentrated on a satellite might exert enough pressure to nudge it to a new orbit.



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B-70: Budget problems and interservice squabbles almost downed the Air Force's mighty B-70 bomber before it could be built. LIFE traces the controversial history of the 2,000-mph jet that is planned to fill the time gap before U.S. long-range missiles are ready.

LODGE AT LEISURE: Eight years as U.S. Ambassador to the U.N. gave Henry Cabot Lodge a background in foreign affairs that makes him an important election year asset to the Republican party, keeps him on a busy campaign schedule. LIFE visits the vice presidential candidate and his family on a rare day at home for a rewarding look at a public figure's private life.

THE ECONOMY AND THE CAMPAIGN: Part IV of a continuing LIFE series on Background for Voting spotlights the hard and soft spots of the U.S. economy under the Eisenhower administration, then examines the prescriptions for your pocketbook's health offered by both presidential candidates and their party platforms.

WASHINGTON FASHIONS: In an unusual eight-page portfolio of full-color photographs LIFE shows you the most elegant new American evening dresses of a season that promises to be the most glittery in years. Some highly attractive wives and kin of U.S. lawmakers model these bejeweled and befurred creations using the ornate decor of the Capitol as an eye-catching stage.

LIFE

OUT TODAY

SPORT

The Big Baddies

Before the event, enjoying the prospect of a World Series for the first time in 33 years, Pittsburgh was as giddy as a maiden aunt who had finally gotten a proposal. Trucks, bicycles and baby buggies carried signs: "Beat 'Em, Bucs." College students put on a football-style rally dominated by a 40-ft. banner reading "Stop Yankee Aggression." An understanding judge postponed a murder trial on the ground that no jury could keep its mind on the evidence during such trying times. Amid the furor, some 200 sportswriters and a flock of major league managers predicted the script for the series: the Pirates would display a bagful of tricks and a

the opener. I thought this would be another of those games where I'd strike out four times. I'm the man to do it."

Then Mantle stepped into an outside pitch and set his mind at rest by putting the ball over the wall for a two-run, 410-ft. homer. In the seventh, Mantle hit one of the hardest shots in World Series history: a ball that cleared the centerfield wall and landed 478 ft. away for a three-run homer. All afternoon, Yankees tirelessly rounded the bases and Pirate pitchers trudged in Indian file out of the bullpen. Final score of the slaughter: Yankees 16, Pirates 3.

To the Guillotine. The third game brought the teams to New York, where Yankee fans calmly accepted the Series



YANKEES SWARM HOME AFTER RICHARDSON HOMER*
According to script, runs in bunches.

Associated Press

spatter of singles; the Yankees would simply try to knock the ball out of sight.

Seldom have the opening games of the World Series gone so exactly according to form. In the first inning of the first game, Yankee outfielder Roger Maris pulled a home run into the rightfield seats and circled the bases while the crowd of 36,676 watched in sullen silence. In the last half of the first inning, the Pirates scrambled back in characteristic fashion. Centerfielder Bill Virdon walked, then flustered the Yankees by pulling a delayed steal that had Catcher Yogi Berra throwing into centerfield; Virdon scored as Shortstop Dick Groat punched a double to right. The pattern set, the Pirates went on to a 6-4 victory and some heady talk in the locker room. "All that malarkey about the big, bad Yankees," scoffed Pitcher Clem Labine. "They're not the big, bad Yankees of old."

Peace of Mind. In the second game, the Yankees turned as big and bad as ever. Moody Mickey Mantle came to the plate in the fifth inning full of self-doubt. "I already struck out once in the game," said he later, "and I struck out twice in

as an annual rite of autumn, as expectable as Thanksgiving. Beginning where they had left off, the Yankees in the first inning had already scored two runs and loaded the bases when the unlikely slugger of them all stepped into the box, looking fully as dangerous as any promising Little Leaguer. Second Baseman Bobby Richardson got every bit of his 5-ft. 9-in., 166-lb. frame behind his swing and hit a grand-slam home run into the leftfield seats. For Richardson, the home run was only the fourth of his four-year major league career. Later, with a single to left, Richardson drove in two more runs for a day's total of six—and a World Series record. Mantle drove a 425-ft. home run alongside the Pittsburgh bullpen, further dismaying Pirate relief pitchers, who emerged at regular intervals during the long afternoon as though mounting the guillotine. With his curve as sharp as ever, Whitey Ford coasted to a four-hit, 10-0 shutout that put the Yankees ahead two games to one.

* From left: Gil McDougal, bat boy, Tony Kubek, Richardson, Elston Howard and Bill Skowron.

A Hard-Nosed Game

The coach's voice thundered across the practice field: "Baby, have you got a play book?" The halfback, who had just forgotten his blocking assignment, nodded guiltily. "Well," came the coach's cry, "when you go to eat, take it with you. When you go to the toilet, take it with you. When you go to see your girl, take it with you."

The orders were issued in dead seriousness; yet no one lifted an eyebrow. For Coach Alonzo Smith ("Jake") Gaither, 56, has been handing down such edicts ever since he showed up in Tallahassee in 1937 and began turning Florida A. & M. University into the nation's top all-Negro football school. "I've had my ups and downs," says husky Jake Gaither. "But they've been mostly ups. We've won 122 and lost 20. Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma and I have the best records of any football coaches in the country, and I forget at the moment which of us is ahead."*

"Not Just a Game." Following Gaither's example, many small Negro colleges have beefed up their football teams in the past decade, now play a game both solid and spectacular. Because they meet no white teams, it is impossible to tell just how good the Negro clubs really are. "We have to wait until our players reach pro ball," says Gaither. "In pro ball I'll match my boys against anybody's."

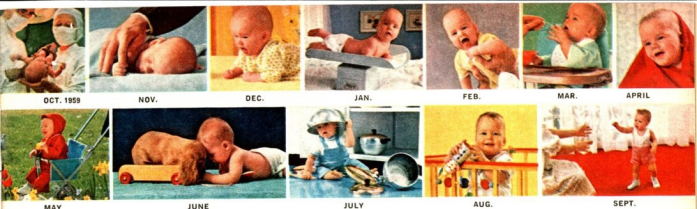
Seven of Gaither's graduates have turned pro, including the Chicago Bears' elusive Willie Galimore. Many pro scouts are now finding stars hidden away on other Negro teams that seldom make headlines. Maryland's Morgan State produced the New York Giants' all-N.F.L. Tackle Roosevelt Brown, and North Carolina A. & T.'s J. D. Smith is now a standout halfback for the San Francisco 49ers. Says one N.F.L. scout: "My God, we'd be crazy not to watch those Negro colleges. They've got the talent."

Gaither encourages his boys to turn pro, not so much for the money as for another sort of reward: "There is no place in the life of my people for mediocre performance. This has to be the dominating factor in our life. For a Negro boy, there is not just a game of football. He can't afford to let his people down."

"When I started here," Gaither recalls, "Florida was the disgrace of the nation as far as Negro football players went." Today, Florida has some of the best Negro football anywhere—and the state's 84 football-playing Negro high schools are staffed by nearly 100 Gaither-trained head and assistant coaches.

"They Shall Not Rise." Jake Gaither fans the fire of combat in his players, encourages rivalry among them by dividing them into three separate units dubbed "Blood, Sweat and Tears." The son of a Methodist minister, Gaither is a revivalist orator. "Baby," he cries, striding into a locker room before a game, "you know what's going against us today." The play-

* Wilkinson leads with a record of 122 won, 15 lost.



HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY:

IS THE REST OF THE NATION GROWING AS FAST?

In just the short span of 12 months Robert has grown from a newborn helpless infant to an aggressive toddler.

At the same time that Robert has been growing, so, too, has our national population: an increase of over three million people this past year alone. The result has been to multiply the already urgent need for the nation to build *now* if we are to maintain our standard of living in the future—more schools, hospitals, roads, dams, power and other facilities.

A look at the Interstate Highway program, for instance, shows that over 9000 miles of new highway are open to traffic. Another 14,300 miles are under way. But still to be built are almost 17,000 more miles to accommodate the 40 million additional automobiles and trucks that will travel our roads by the year 1975.

In the area of school construction, although 70,000 classrooms were built last year, we are still short 132,000 classrooms even today to meet the necessary educational standards for our children. And we know we will need over three-quarter million more classrooms within the next 15 years.

These two examples serve to illustrate the tremendous task that we face in coping with our great population explosion. Within the next 15 years — by 1975 — there are many areas in which we have to accomplish more than has been done in the 134 years since the nation was founded.

It is a challenge that we dare not fail to meet.

Preparing for our nation's future is a job for all of us. After all, if we don't do it . . . who will?



OCT. 1960

Growing symbol of our exploding population, Robert is 1 year old. When he is 16 years our nation will need . . . tens of thousands more miles of new roads • 25 million new homes • rehabilitation of many metropolitan areas • over 50% increase in our present supply of water • double the number of acceptable hospital beds • 60% more classroom facilities • more than double our electric power • 40% more lumber and 65% more pulpwood • over 100 million additional farm acres under soil conservation • thousands of water retention structures • 50% more mineral ores • twice our present oil supply.

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WHAT
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FOR
COMPACTS

LANCER



PRICE? You can own a Lancer for at least a couple of hundred dollars less than the so-called low price cars. There is an obvious reason. Lancer is two feet shorter than standard automobiles. It is also lots leaner. You don't pay for fat. Lancer is available in two series, six models: two 4-door wagons; two 4-door sedans, a 2-door hardtop; a 2-door sedan. Every one of them parks obediently, welcomes a family of six lavishly.

POSHP? When it comes to compacts, the juke-box school of interior design went out when Lancer came in. Lancer interiors are rich, but simple. The basic material used is knitted nylon, not woven as has been common practice. This new breed of foam-backed body cloth sheds soil flippantly, wears exceedingly well, and has a wonderful feel to it. A quiet compliment to your good taste.

APPETITE? The Lancer-6 inclined engine is a highly spirited piece of machinery. It is also very tight-fisted with a gallon of regular gasoline. Please notice, however, we do not mention a specific "miles-per-gallon" figure. This would be silly. So much depends on you and the way you drive. Lancer also has an alternator-generator. This device makes the battery last longer. As you can see, Lancer is a very economical car for family, personal, or business use.

MANNERS? Now you may ask, "Since when does a car have manners?" Answer. Since Lancer. It corners decisively, without excessive lean. When you stop, its nose stays up. When you start, it does not squat. Reason? Torsion bars up front, leaf springs in the rear. Lancer will take a well-scarred road with aplomb. Bumps? Some. But none of the harsh shock you would feel in a car with standard suspension. Lancer is mannerly in many other ways. It is very easy to get in and out of. No physical contortions are necessary. The seats are designed to fit the natural curves of your body. You will find them comfortable. All in all, Lancer's manners are beyond reproach.

PARENTAGE? The new Lancer is built by Dodge. Our name is on it. Among other good things this means the body is fully unitized and permanently rust-proofed by an exclusive Chrysler Corporation process; a process of dips and sprays that armor-plate the entire unit against corrosion. Lancer will stay new looking longer than its compact counterparts. It will be worth more at trade-in time. The car is also unusually quiet. The roof, floor, door panels and firewall are sound-proofed by combinations of liquid deadener, imported jute, spun glass and felt mats. Enough talk. Lancer is waiting for you at your Dodge dealer. Go now.



James Walden

COACH GAITHER
Revolution by the book.

ers shout their enthusiastic reply. "We'll have to hit hard," yells Gaither. "We'll have to run hard . . . We must be hungry." Each Gaither pep talk ends with the team chanting an incantation whose origins are long forgotten: "We have wounded them. They have fallen at our feet. They shall not rise. Allah."

Whereupon the Florida A. & M. team bursts out upon the field to clout its opponents. To Jake Gaither, it all has real meaning. "Football," he says, "is a hard-nosed game. You go into it pulling no punches and asking none. Football is a character-building game—but you can build more character with a winning team than with a losing one."

Scoreboard

¶ When the Big Ten fumbled through a mediocre season last year—including Wisconsin's humiliating 44-8 loss to Washington in the Rose Bowl—the experts began wondering aloud whether the famed football conference had lost its punch. This season the Big Ten began promisingly by winning ten and losing none against non-conference teams. But not until last week, when Big Ten teams turned on one another, was it clearly apparent from the skill and violence of play that the Midwest was back in form. Undeclared Ohio State, ranked fifth in the nation, routed fourth-ranked Illinois, 34-7. Trailing 15-14 with five minutes to go, third-ranked Iowa rallied to defeat Michigan State, 27-15. Meanwhile, Michigan boosted conference prestige higher yet by trouncing undefeated Duke, 31-6.

¶ In other key games, a surprisingly strong Navy beat Southern Methodist, 26-7; Penn State gave Army its first loss, 27-16; Missouri routed the Air Force, 34-8; North Carolina beat tottering Notre Dame, 12-7; and Syracuse, still below its potential despite its top ranking, barely got past ho-hum Holy Cross, 15-6.

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THE THEATER

New Plays on Broadway

Becket (translated from the French of Jean Anouilh by Lucienne Hill) seems to fascinate writers as a stage figure: Tennyson, T. S. Eliot, now Anouilh. He also rather tends to defeat them: Anouilh's long play has the weaknesses without the high compensatory moments of *Murder in the Cathedral*. In its 22 scenes, *Becket* offers all manner of effective pageantry and colloquy and confrontation, even of wenching and horseplay; it runs up and down a whole verbal keyboard, playful trills and prayerful chords and swelling harmonies.

But in this story of Henry II and his great friend Thomas Becket, whom he made Chancellor and then Primate of England, and who abandoned him for God, the biggest things seem missing. It is not merely that there is little cumulative drama, so that the evening is edged with dullness. There is little poetry either, and not really much psychology, and no guarantee of history. Though Henry and Becket are set squarely beside and then against each other, there is no vital force to the conjunction, or fire to the conflict. Finally, there is no unifying tone; in language and attitude, *Becket* skips blithely across centuries, shuttles nonchalantly between styles.

That Anouilh made free with history—anticipated the use of forks in England, changed earldoms to dukedoms, implicated Henry far more in Becket's murder than he really was, gave Becket, what no one else has done for generations, a Saxon lineage—would matter little had all this given Anouilh's imagination greater force and scope. But he has played up trivialities while scamping essentials: Becket's great career as Chancellor is passed over; his clashes with Henry, on becoming Archbishop of Canterbury, go unused. Anouilh, again, oversimplifies character—amusingly enough when treating of minor figures,

but unwisely in making hardly more than a lot of Henry.

Nor is Becket himself—whom Henry made archbishop as his shield against the church, only to emerge Becket's target—rewardingly probed. This is a troublesome task, for Becket's abrupt shift from worldly to ascetic, from Henry's helpful administrator to his hostile priest, needs probing; indeed, the whole unsimple man who suddenly found God needs probing. But the Becket whom a historian has dubbed "a great actor superbly living the parts he was called upon to play" seems far less than that, even with a great actor, Laurence Olivier, on hand to play him. Olivier is as deft as Anthony Quinn's Henry is vigorous, but they serve only Anouilh, they do not light up the past.

The trouble is, perhaps, that Becket did not fascinate Anouilh; he merely tempted and challenged him. With that great facility that is his most self-damaging gift, Anouilh has contrived blunt or ironic or booming effects, pulled off scenes involving bedrooms and bishops and cynical Kings of France, and some fine reflective moments too, as when Becket resists the snare of a false humility. But with equal ease Anouilh goes in for every approach, from the slangiest to the most sculptured. He has thus set Peter Glenville problems of staging that have been only partly solved: with the most inward of themes, *Becket* runs largely to externalized effects.

A Taste of Honey (by Shelagh Delaney) was written, out of dissatisfaction with seeing flaccid plays, by a 19-year-old Lancashire girl. By the time she was 21 it had run for a year in London's West End, as it deserved to. For a playwright of 19, *A Taste of Honey* is a most talented piece of work.

Actually a deeper dissatisfaction than trivial plays had inspired it: a dissatisfac-

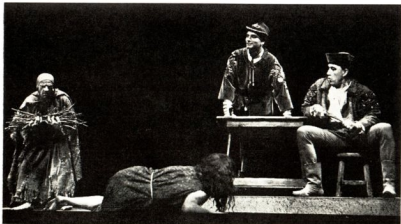


Bert Mitterman
LANSBURY & PLOWRIGHT IN "HONEY"
Soot shows in the sunlight.

tion with the shabby world that Shelagh Delaney knew at first hand, and a sense of blockaded lives. It is a dissatisfaction that very often leaps to life through words that have edge and ring true, among people who are disturbed but vital, in scenes where lives come together, or clash, or come apart. An illegitimate young girl lives with her tramp of a mother, who soon enough runs off with a man. The girl herself has a brief affair with a Negro sailor on leave, becomes pregnant, is cared for by a young homosexual who moves in with her, and at the end is left alone to have her baby.

What is most rewarding and least nineteen-teenish about *A Taste of Honey* is its unhistorical realism, which blinks at nothing but can be wry as well as harsh, can use sunlight to make soot the more visible, and can blend a knack for theater with a sense of truth. With its misfits and misfortunes, all too much of the play could have turned sentimental; only here and there is it a little so. Even more, it could have turned sensational, but bold black words like *Illegitimacy* and *Homosexuality* and *Miscegenation* boil down into what is in the world and what happens in life, and indeed the girl's touching, not unorthodox relationship with the homosexual is the best thing in the play. Nor does *A Taste of Honey* shout its protest, which is as much social as economic, and aimed less at the system than the Establishment.

Where *Honey* falls short is where its method falls short—in a lack of intensification and fusion. The play is episodic, without all the episodes being equally good; it is for the most part closeups, without all the characters being equally real (the mother is not always seen in focus and is played by Angela Lansbury too much for farce). But if there is a want of art to *A Taste of Honey*, there is equally a want of contrivance, and Joan Plowright's brilliant portrayal of the girl raises the play at its best from gifted 19 to full maturity.



Friedman-Abeles
OLIVIER & QUINN IN "BECKET"
Fire dies in facility.



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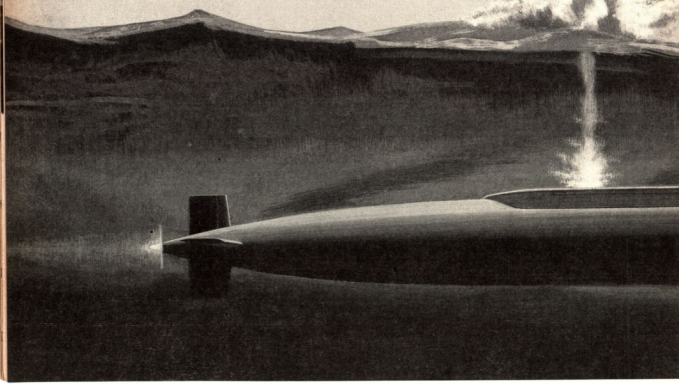
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Joern Gerads

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA: STUDENTS ON THE BERKELEY CAMPUS
The problem is to distinguish mass from mob.

Master Planner

(See Cover)

Even in the days before the U.S. Civil War, Vermont's farm-bred Congressman Justin Smith Morrill looked about him and saw an ill-trained nation speeding toward "decay and degradation." His bold proposal: launch land-grant colleges in every state to educate farmers, mechanics and "those at the bottom of the ladder who want to climb up." On a tense day in July 1862—as McClellan frittered away the Union Army at Malvern Hill—Lincoln signed the Morrill Act that gave 17.4 million acres to "people's colleges." So began the biggest effort in the history of man to hand higher education to anyone who wanted it.

EDUCATION

Just as they revolutionized U.S. agriculture—and helped sow the farm surplus—state universities have reaped millions of students. In the 1930s, Harvard's President James Bryant Conant predicted: "During the next century of academic history, university education in this Republic will be largely in the hands of the tax-supported institutions. As they fare, so fares the cultural and intellectual life of the American people."

One a Minute. How do they fare? As 3,567,000 students jammed U.S. campuses last week—with nearly twice as many due by 1970—the problem was numbers. From 4% in 1900, the proportion of college-age Americans who go to college has soared to 39% (five times as much as in Russia). In the past decade, three-quarters of the rise has gone to public campuses, which last year enrolled 58% of all U.S. college students. In 1970 they may enroll 65%, and in Western states already enroll up to 96%. This year state colleges and universities will confer 55% of all undergraduate degrees, 60% of masters' degrees and 54% of doctorates. The U.S. academic economy has clearly shifted to the public sector.

The increasingly higher cost of higher education is one explanation: tuition has jumped 165% at private colleges since 1950. According to one recent estimate, the cost of four years at an average private college in 1970 will be \$11,684, on an Ivy League campus \$15,216. By then the four-year cost at state universities is expected to be only \$5,800.

What happens when the vast generation of war babies (now 15-19 years old) really hits the public campuses? Nobody has spent more hours seeking precise answers

than Clark Kerr, president of the mammoth, seven-campus[®] University of California (47,805 students), the largest college complex in the U.S. Few states are growing faster than California: whether by birth or by migration, the population increases by one a minute. Each year California's growth matches the size of San Diego. Each day it needs one new school. Already it has the nation's biggest public school system (3,300,000). Already it has the nation's highest number

[®] The seven: Berkeley, Los Angeles (U.C.L.A.), Santa Barbara, Davis, San Francisco, Riverside, La Jolla. No kin to the University of California and not state-supported: Stanford University (Stanford), the University of Southern California (Los Angeles), the California Institute of Technology (Pasadena).



Harry Redl

CAL'S KERR & STUDENTS
With sleekness, strategy.



STATE SENIOR COLLEGE:
With green ink...

of collegians (234,000 fulltime), and 80% of them are on public campuses.

Freeze & Fry. Californians are proud of their university network, and well they might be. It is huge, young, brilliant, aggressive, progressive. It colonizes everything from the atom to outer space. At the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, Cal's physicists run one of the world's famed atom smashers. At the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, Cal astronomers scan the galaxies. Thanks to Cal's engineers, California's farms are the most mechanized in the U.S. The university runs the atom-bomb city of Los Alamos, N. Mex. It owns ranches, apartment buildings, forests, hospitals, vineyards, movie studios and seven oceangoing ships. On its 23,877 acres, a man can freeze or fry without leaving the premises. The university employs 3,000 professors, parks 19,200 cars and offers 7,900 courses. This year Cal will cost \$360 million to run—and it is only the beginning.

By 1975 Cal expects to add three new campuses and to educate 118,900 students. To do this, it must spend \$700 million to build three times as much physical plant in the next 15 years as it has in the last 90. With awe, Harvard's President Nathan M. Pusey calls Kerr's job "one of the most difficult and exacting posts in the whole history of higher education."

Collision. The job of running the biggest university in the country involves a lot more than mailing a budget to Sacramento. In no other state is there such hot competition among so many public campuses. In no other state is there such need for coordination among them. California has a good record in this respect. But ascetic, Pennsylvania-born Economist Kerr has made it better. This year's top education news in California is the "Master Plan"—an academic armistice largely fashioned by onetime Labor Mediator Kerr, who in 500 major labor negotiations developed the subtle skill that makes aides call him "the Machiavellian Quaker."

The armistice came after a head-on col-



George Long

PUBLIC JUNIOR COLLEGE: METAL-WORKING SHOP AT COMPTON
The range is from judo to semantics.

lision between Cal (with its seven campuses) and the 15 state colleges, which are also state-supported but owe no allegiance to Cal. State colleges used to concentrate on teacher training, but California's exploding technology has given them a whole new direction—vocational training on an enormous scale. They now teach, besides teaching itself, everything from judo and fly-tying to aeronautics, electronics, semantics, penology and oenology (wine growing).

Growing at a dizzy rate, the state colleges have added eight new campuses since 1946 and more than quadrupled enrollment. They now have 68,000 students, more than Cal itself. Example: San Fernando Valley State opened in 1956 with 700 students, now has 3,415. By 1973 it expects 20,000.

Admission at these state colleges is lenient (the upper 44% of California high school graduates), though many who go there are among the upper 15% in their class, and are eligible for the university. They go to state colleges because the campuses are close to home and because they think Cal is too big for learning and too devoted to research. Also, state colleges cost as little as \$66 a year. And they are far from backwoods institutions. The top three:

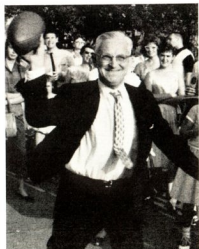
San Francisco State (12,000 students), a flourishing liberal arts school, boasts a \$1,000,000 theater for drama students, a \$2,000,000 science building, the championship football team of the Far Western Conference and 300 foreign students. S.F. teaches everything from engineering to skindiving. Most impressive feature: a topflight creative writing department including Novelist Walter van Tilburg (*The Oxbow Incident*) Clark. Another noted facultyman: Semanticist S. I. Hayakawa.

San Diego State (8,191), strong in science and math, is geared to the area's aviation-electronics complex (Ryan Aeronautical, General Dynamics). S.D. boasts 26 major labs, hopes to get a nuclear reactor. Last year it had half the physics

majors in the state-college system. The average freshman IQ: 120-125. The faculty Ph.D. rate: 63%. By 1970 S.D. expects 25,000 students. Says President Malcolm Love, onetime boss of the University of Nevada: "Though we are called a college, we are in deed and in fact a university."

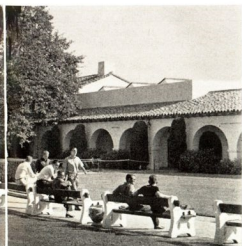
San Jose State (18,000), another feeder for the aviation-electronics industry (Ampex, G.E., Lockheed), S.J. has a \$4,000,000 industrial-arts building, an expanding \$9,000,000 engineering center. Highly "diversified," it has 108 majors, from psychiatric technology to a full four-year course for policemen. (This is supposedly why San Jose cops are so "gentlemanly.") Biggest and oldest (1857) college in the system, S.J. is growing so fast that it is now the nation's 25th biggest institution of higher learning.

Among alumni: Mrs. Herbert Hoover and Poet Edwin Markham.



Grey Villet—Lure

OCCIDENTAL'S COONS & STUDENTS
With scissors, pride.

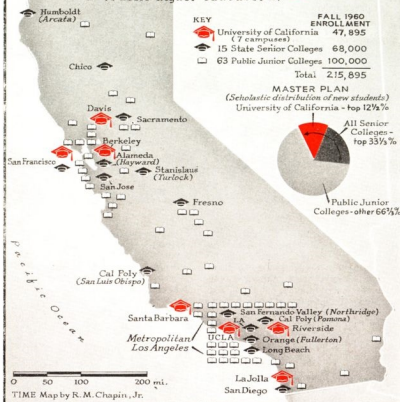


Charles Aqua Vivo

MAIN QUAD AT SAN DIEGO
... inner logic and hope.

California's Campuses

(Public higher education)



Pecking Order. In so vast a barnyard, the academic pecking order is inevitably at work. Academicians rarely believe that doing a topflight job on a less prestigious level is sufficiently rewarding. All of the schools want to rise higher. Junior colleges want to be four-year colleges. State colleges want to be universities. Since all must battle for a dwindling share of the tax dollar, competition can be vicious. And with so many separate claimants, state legislators come to think with their scissors, and budgets end in ribbons.

This would be more alarming if the pride were not there. "Brother, you're talking about the greatest system of public education in the world," cries one state official. In recent years, Californians themselves have loudly agreed, and politicians have listened. Into the hopper at one session of the Sacramento legislature went 18 bills for new state colleges. The state colleges system threw rings around Cal's alone—four colleges around U.C.L.A. alone.

As the new colleges multiplied, Cal's alumni among the state legislators (now 35 out of 177) tried to hold down their budgets by line-to-line scrutiny. Tempers flew. Already restive at being weakly administered by three different agencies, the state colleges in 1958 demanded Cal's kind of constitutional fiscal autonomy (which only six other state universities

in the U.S. enjoy). They also demanded the right to confer doctorates—and to be universities.

At the time, Kerr had just stepped up from the chancellorship to the presidency at Berkeley. He has an entirely different style from his gregarious predecessor, Californian Robert Gordon Sproul. An able politician, Sproul wanted to pick off the state colleges one by one and make Cal campuses out of them (Cal got Santa Barbara that way in 1944).

Kerr had a different strategy. His favorite phrase, and occupation, is finding every situation's "inner logic" (from the Quaker "inner spirit"). Kerr saw Cal's future in a codification of the state's entire higher-education system—an order of excellence from top to bottom. With roles properly specified in the state constitution, each level could grow without hurting the others.

Blue & Gold. "We could have gone along with guerrilla warfare except for growth," says Kerr. "But it would have cost too much, and there was the problem of quality." That problem is symbolized by a treasured piece of cloth: the blue and gold hood of Cal's doctorate; had he let anyone else give it away, Kerr's faculty might have hanged him. Having been a Berkeley professor himself for 15 years, he knew its feelings. Cal's faculty is one of the most doctorate-minded in the coun-

try, and also one of the most democratically run. No new courses, deans or professors can be approved without action by the powerful Academic Senate. "The faculty can't be driven," Sproul said once. "It can only be persuaded."

Kerr himself is an exceptionally persuasive man. With his bland face, rimless glasses and inevitable blue suit, he does not look the part until the "inner logic" begins to pour out ("He could talk the feathers off a bird," says one defeathered regent). Says Political Scientist and Author Eugene (*The Ugly American*) Burdick, who was Chancellor Kerr's academic assistant at Berkeley: "If you made an Organization Man, he would be it. That sleek, seal-like look. In a crowd no one would see him. He has the reputation of being terribly cool. But then he's got this other thing of always fighting at the right time."

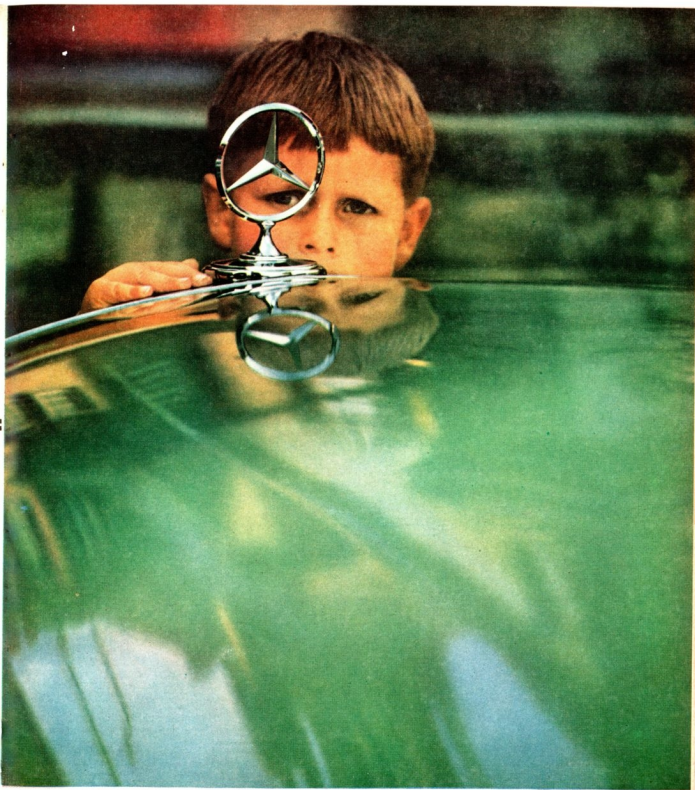
Fair Trade. Kerr stepped into the college battle on the day that the state's higher-education Liaison Committee was trying to decide how to bring peace. He took everyone to lunch, sold them all on the inner logic of bringing in a topflight private-college man to adjudicate the issue. No one had thought of doing that before. The choice was able President Arthur G. Coons of Los Angeles' Occidental College, a good friend of Kerr's. From then on, things went well.

From his efforts emerged last spring a complex fair-trade pattern for California's higher education. Calling for \$1 billion worth of building by 1970, Coons's recommendations specified the roles of the three college systems: the university, the 15 state colleges, the 63 junior colleges. State colleges do not get constitutional autonomy or the right to confer doctorates, but they get a strong new governing board, and their students may earn doctorates under Cal supervision.

The formula raises the University of California's academic standards still higher—while at the same time allowing more Californians to go to college. The terms: Cal will accept only the top 12½% of high school graduates; state colleges will draw from the upper 33½%. The two-year junior colleges—to be swelled to 85 while state colleges pause—will get everyone else. In sheer quantity, the junior colleges will eventually handle 80% of the total public enrollment—leaving Cal a mere 214,000 students by the year 2000. Without the plan, Cal could easily top 250,000.

All this is supposed to work under a super-coordinating committee, which met last week for the first time. But there is one big trouble: the legislature passed the plan as simple law, not a constitutional amendment, so future political meddling is inevitable.

Dead Level. The problem of all U.S. state universities in the 1960s is to keep mass education from becoming mob education. It is a problem created in part by state universities themselves, who made their motto "The state is our campus," opened their doors wide, and inside (along with the valuable) taught fatuous courses from baton twirling to picnic packing.



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The result is vast educational empires, and an impulse towards empire building. Too often, state universities become amiable places with imprecise standards. Many a state university still fuzzily follows one of John Dewey's fuzzier utterances: "Since growth is the characteristic of life, education is all one with growing; it has no end beyond itself."

Letting boys and girls in to grow as they will, many state universities often ignore the special needs of the bright. The true honors society is the football team; the real classroom is the fraternity house.

Opportunity. As enrollment goes up, state universities now have a chance to grow up—not just to grow. All they have to do is grab the chance. Across the country, their entrance standards are rising. Only five states (Kansas, Montana, Ohio, Oklahoma, Wyoming) still require state universities to admit all high school graduates. Admittance tests are even becoming fashionable. And the great sleeper in U.S. education is the phenomenal rise of public two-year junior colleges,* which now enroll 25% of all college students (40% in California).

These low-cost schools spell opportunity for millions, and they also help state universities escape their four-year rhythm: the high cost of admitting inept freshmen, then weeding out and flunking out, leaving upper classes half filled. By sending on only their ablest students, two-year colleges can lessen the pressure on universities.

Diversity. The way state universities can beat the numbers game is through such expansion of higher education on lower levels. With better students, they can set better standards, and many already have. Impressive honors programs have spread to 87 public campuses under the influence of the Carnegie-financed Inter-University Committee on the Superior Student. At Michigan State and Wayne State, separate colleges are devoted to gifted students. Honors courses have galvanized jaded professors—and suddenly given dullards a glimpse of "what a university stands for."

Actually, the standard possible for state universities was never invisible: it was always there on the graduate level. While panty raiders giggled with research by scholars, after fattening U.S. farms, state universities went on to pioneer the TV tube (Purdue), discover streptomycin (Rutgers), develop anti-coagulants (Wisconsin), invent the cyclotron (California), provide instrumentation for U.S. satellites (State University of Iowa) and give sex a new name (Dr. Kinsey's) to conjure with (Indiana).

If much "research" is not all it might be, and is sometimes at the mundane level that most impresses state legislators, there

* An unfortunate diminutive coined in 1901 by the University of Chicago's first president, William Rainey Harper, when he helped launch the first public junior in Joliet, Ill. A more grown-up name is now preferred: community colleges.

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are signs of improvement. With huge budgets, state universities can lure and equip more top researchers. With lower tuition than private schools, they attract more graduate students. At the University of Michigan, 40% of the enrollment is graduate students. At Cal, it is 43%. Many state universities are moving in the direction of the exclusively graduate institution that the rest of the world calls a university—even though they will always have undergraduates.

Fandango. No public campus in the country has moved faster in that direction than California's Berkeley. The Buckingham Palace of Clark Kerr's empire, across the bay from San Francisco. Few campuses boast an odder beginning. Berkeley's imppecunious parent was a Congregationalist academy launched in 1853 by a Yale clergyman from Massachusetts. The campus was a fandango dance hall, but Founder Henry Durant in a letter home glowed over the "beauty and salubrity" of the place. He hoped to educate gold miners, and believed in looking on the bright side.

Later the Rev. Mr. Durant bought 160 acres out on Strawberry Creek, named it after Philosopher George Berkeley, the poetic Irish bishop of Cloyne ("Westward the course of empire takes its way"). The westward course was a poor one until Governor Frederick Low put tax and land-grant money into the campus, and 92 years ago started the University of California.*

Berkeley's salubrious beginnings were not to everyone's taste. Politicians complained that it neglected such useful arts as carpentry and blacksmithing. But it had the enormous defense of constitution-

al autonomy. The regents were also temporarily tamed by tempestuous President (1899-1919) Benjamin Ide Wheeler, a white-mustached autocrat who wore cavalry boots and galloped about campus on a white charger. Wheeler unintentionally created another freedom. His highhanded ways provoked a faculty revolt in 1919 that established the strong Academic Senate.

Neck & Neck. When Robert Sproul took over in 1929, he gave the faculty the best of academic prizes: prestige. Sproul raised cash for young Physicist Ernest O. Lawrence to build the first cyclotron, and Berkeley was suddenly the nucleonics hotspot of the world. Uplifted by its physics stars, the faculty began raiding other faculties across the country. Cal now has eight Nobel prizewinners (seven at Berkeley, including the chancellor, Chemist Glenn Seaborg) and more Guggenheims than any other U.S. university (1960 crop: 33).

The only other U.S. campus Cal cares to be compared with is Harvard. In one important rating of the academic world—memberships in the National Academy of Sciences—Cal and Harvard are neck and neck (63 to 63). In astronomy, German, physics, and Romance languages, Cal's departments are tops. In humanities, it is far behind. Bob Sproul figured that few legislators read Milton or Shelley. He sold them on science instead.

As Sproul cheered on the physical sciences, so Clark Kerr has pushed social sciences. In 1945 he started Berkeley's Institute of Industrial Relations to mesh socio-economic studies. As chancellor, he boosted the sociology department to first rank. He also went on teaching and writing. His second book, *Industrialism and Industrial Man* (Harvard University Press), will be out next week; his bibliography is now 13 pages long. As president, he goes on refining his hopeful world theory of "industrial pluralism" (that high technology in time tears down dictatorships instead of strengthening them). Some day, he wants to quit administering and teach again.

Apples & Greek. Scholar Kerr first reached Berkeley in 1934 as a doctoral student. He had grown up on a Pennsylvania farm near Reading, gone to a one-room school, Clark's farmer father had an academic bent himself. First of his Scots-Irish line to go to college (Franklin and Marshall), Samuel Kerr spoke Latin, Greek, German, French and owned a master's degree from the University of Berlin. He spent his life raising apples, and his afterthoughts stimulating and roiling young minds. Recalls Clark: "He believed that nothing should be unanimous. If he found everybody else for something, he'd be against it on principle."

At Swarthmore ('32), recalls Kerr, "I was a green country kid with a lot of people who had gone to private schools." He learned some social graces, became captain of the debating team, president of the student body, a Phi Beta Kappa and a Quaker. He never learned to drink; only years later did he first taste liquor. "As



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* Explorers from Berkeley settled the southern colony at U.C.L.A. in 1919.

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a negotiator, I learned that whisky was a tool of my trade. You use it like a plumber uses a wrench." He can still barely stand the stuff.

With his new-found Quakerism, Kerr found a social conscience, in the '30s preached peace on street corners for the American Friends Service Committee during Swarthmore vacations. Kerr took his master's at Stanford, went on to Berkeley for his Ph.D. (thesis: "Productive Enterprises of the Unemployed"). One day he attended a student congress near U.C.L.A., sat beside a striking auburn-haired girl named Catherine Spaulding, an engineer's daughter and a Stanford graduate. As they silently watched some party-liners dominate the meeting, Kay scribbled a note: "Are you a Communist?" Clark scribbled back: "No." She scribbled: "I'm not either." Eight months later, having found other attributes in common, on Christmas Day Kay and Clark were married.

Skill & Courage. Going in for labor economics, a new field then, Kerr taught a year each at Antioch and Stanford, five years (1940-45) at the University of Washington in Seattle. When the operating engineers and the Pacific Coast Coal Co. stalemated on wage increases, they heard that there was a labor professor over at the university, asked him to arbitrate. He got both sides together in short order, launched a highly successful sideline. Until he became Cal's president, Kerr was the busiest arbitrator on the West Coast, became noted as "tough, fair and expensive" (fee: \$200 a day). He deliberately picked the toughest industries, gave himself remorselessly and settled as fast as possible. His most notable effort: a long, painful arbitration in 1946-47 between longshoremen and shipowners. Said usually intractable Dock Boss Harry Bridges: "The assignment was not an easy one. He performed it with skill and courage."

Heretic & Conspirator. Kerr's courage became well known at Berkeley in 1949, four years after he returned to set up the Industrial Relations Institute. That was the memorable year when the university regents outraged the faculty by threatening to fire anyone who refused to sign a loyalty oath. Professor Kerr signed, as did most members of the embittered faculty eventually. But he got himself elected to the hottest spot on campus—the Academic Senate's privilege and tenure committee. When the committee went before the angry regents, Kerr delivered the first and strongest blast at the notion of firing nonsigners of the oath (26 were fired; 37 resigned). He won faculty-wide respect for this act (later he won back pay for the expelled). When a faculty committee was asked to nominate Berkeley's first chancellor in 1952, he was the man. In his inaugural speech, he made sharp distinction between "the honest heretic and the conspirator."

Commonwealth. During five years in the chancellorship, while also teaching and writing, Kerr gave some cohesion to the sprawling Berkeley campus. He built eight



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A salute to the tin can, which is actually 99 per cent steel, is doubly in order in 1960. Exactly 150 years ago Nicolas Appert, a sometime pickle maker, developed

canning to keep Napoleon's armies "marching on their stomachs."

Coincidentally, 1960 also is an anniversary for Jones & Laughlin as it marks 50 years as a major producer of tin plate. The electrolytic tinning line pictured above with the make-believe supermarket imparts the coating of tin to steel, and is part of the more than \$50 million investment in new facilities for this product at J&L's Aliquippa (Pa.) Works.

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new dormitories and a student union, proposed a clear plan to junk vocational departments and use the space for research. When Bob Sproul announced retirement in 1957, U.C.L.A.'s football-puffing Chancellor Raymond E. Allen seemed to have the inside track to the presidency. The regents polled the nation's top educators for other candidates, and opinion was nearly unanimous: "You already have Clark Kerr at Berkeley."

President Kerr runs the University of California on green ink, inner logic and hope. These days he has too little time for his children (Clark, 18; Alexander, 14; Caroline, 9). Each night of his 90-hour week he sends home a 14-in.-thick stack of letters in a grocery carton. Each morning he rises at 6:30 and pens answers for

¶ By 1975: Three new campuses must be built, on their way to 27,500 students apiece. Near the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in **La Jolla**, imaginative Director Roger Revelle has 14,000 acres for a cluster of small residential "universities" grouped around each subject, is building a faculty from the top down this year, with an advance guard of Nobel Prizewinner Harold Urey and twelve other members of the National Academy of Sciences. Up the coast is the 1,000-acre **Orange County** site, donated by the vast Irvine Ranch. Somewhere south of San Francisco in the state's **North Central** area, another site must be acquired.

¶ By 2000: A fourth new campus, for 15,000 students, will probably rise in the **San Joaquin Valley** because the whole



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three hours in a tiny green-ink scrawl. The notes spread like green scripture throughout the empire: Decentralize, make the big small, use your own small head. If the inner logic of the Master Plan is really working, freeing Cal from state-college competition, he expects by 1975 to have a mighty commonwealth of universities. Cal's growth plan:

¶ By 1965: **Berkeley** (now 21,563 students) and **U.C.L.A.** (16,512) will stop at 27,500 each. Berkeley will have more graduate students, an even more luminous faculty. U.C.L.A. will also have more graduates, more dormitories, and solid courses to stave off the encircling "commuter" state colleges.

¶ By 1970: **Davis** (4,950) will hit 10,000. A changing cow college (cheer: "Bossie, cow cow, honey bee bee, oleomargarine, oleo butterine, alfalfa—hey!"). Davis will soon be a general university on a 3,000-acre farm-campus. **Santa Barbara** (3,504) will hit 10,500. **Riverside** (1,633) will hit 7,250. Converted from a citrus experimental station, it aimed to be a Western Oberlin, but will soon be bigger.

system will still lack room for 24,000 students eligible to go to the University of California.

Last month those who were eligible for Berkeley were greeted at their first "orientation" by a fairly chilly official statement: "We assume you are adults. We won't check up on you to see that you are in a given place at a given time. We won't make sure you ask questions if you need answers, and we won't make sure you seek outside help if you need it. Come to think of it, we won't do much of anything for you. We assume you can take care of yourselves."

How good an education will they get? It all depends on them. The schooling on Cal campuses is on a take-it-or-leave-it basis. Berkeley's brightest faculty lights have long been more interested in their own research than in undergraduates. Still, there is a saying around Berkeley that it is better to be 50 feet from a great man than five feet from an ordinary one.

© Left to right: Mrs. Kerr, Alexander, Dr. Kerr, Clark Jr., Caroline.



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THE PRESS

Headline of the Week

By Hsinhua, Communist Chinese news agency:

U.S. INTENSIFIES INTERVENTION IN LAOS
BY SUSPENDING MILITARY AID

How to Retire

At 6 a.m. the alarm clock went off, rousing the bedroom's two occupants: William Fife Knowland, a retired politician, and Alice, a Saint Bernard who at 165 lbs. weighs just 60 less than her dieting master. After showering, shaving and dressing, Bill Knowland went downstairs for coffee with Paul Manolis, 32, his assistant, who lives a mile away. Then the two men set out on the four-mile, 55-minute walk from the Knowland home in suburban Piedmont to downtown Oakland, Calif., where former U.S. Senate Republican Leader Bill Knowland now makes a living as editor of the Oakland evening *Tribune* (circ. 214,002).

The title had come to him only a few days before, when relinquished at long last by his father, Joseph R. Knowland, 87, who bought the *Tribune* in 1915 and bossed it with autocratic instinct for five decades. Bill Knowland had actually been running the paper for almost two years as the *Tribune's* assistant publisher. In politics Bill was known for his heavy and often inept thumb; at the *Tribune* the thumb has remained heavy, but it has stamped itself on the paper in a manner that by any reasonable standard can be called expert.

What He Could Do. Bill Knowland's return from politics dates from his decision in 1957 to resign as U.S. Senate minority leader in order to run for Governor of California—a position he patently thought would take him closer to the U.S. presidency. He was thoroughly whopped by Democrat "Pat" Brown. Knowland nursed his wounds on a slow cruise through the Panama Canal and the Caribbean; then he returned to Oakland and sat down beside his father to see what he might do as a newspaperman.

Not everyone liked the *Tribune's* assistant publisher. There was a forbidding coldness to him; even today he rarely visits the newsroom. Intolerant of deadwood, Knowland started chopping at it; since 1958 he has fired ten editorial hands, and seven more have quit in anger. Knowland declared war on overtime, trimmed the *Trib's* virtually unlimited sick leave. He promoted his son Joe, 30, to oversee at large, and Joe antagonized much of the staff. The American Newspaper Guild, which had long failed to organize the *Tribune*, succeeded last year. To the guild's surprise, Bill Knowland—who based his gubernatorial campaign on an open-shop labor policy—proved a reasonable adversary.

The Doing of It. Along the way, Bill Knowland also proved that he was a newsman. Always long on news, the *Trib* got



Leonard McCombe—Life

EDITORS JOSEPH & WILLIAM KNOWLAND
Balm for old scars.

longer; today it carries more news lineage than any other evening paper in the U.S., has a larger cityside news staff—54 reporters—than any of across-the-bay San Francisco's three papers.

News staffers have come to know better than to tailor their stories to Knowland's political cloth. In the first local election held after he returned from Washington, Oakland Democrats were dumfounded to find that their side got equivalent play with the Republicans. Said Knowland, well aware that the *Trib's* circulation area is 66% Democratic: "We've got to serve the whole community." In his one try at personal reporting, Knowland filed dispatches of scrupulous objectivity from both 1960 party conventions. Wrote Knowland after the Republicans nominated Nixon: "Both parties have strong and able campaigners who will fight this one out toe to toe."

The Oakland *Tribune* is proving the better for Knowland's tenure. In the rewards of a busy newspaper and community life, Knowland himself seems to have forgotten his scars. "I work the same hours here that I worked in Washington," he says. "But the difference is that I don't carry home a briefcase full of bills, executive orders and committee hearings."

The Best Bridge

Arkansas is a south central state of the United States, officially designated by its general assembly as the "Land of Opportunity."

—Encyclopaedia Britannica

It is quite a way from Arkansas, and particularly from long-embattled Little Rock, to the scholarly Chicago offices of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. But Pul-

itzer Prizewinner Harry Scott Ashmore, 44, is about to make the trip.

As executive editor of Little Rock's *Arkansas Gazette*, Ashmore won fame for courage and reason during the city's 1957 segregationist riots. Two years later Ashmore went to work for the Fund for the Republic, was commissioned by the Ford Foundation to study how to make the press more self-responsible. Last week he took the \$50,000-a-year job as editor in chief of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. As EB's 19th editor, Ashmore replaces Walter Yust, who died last February after 22 years on the job.

Ashmore, who takes over this week, is submitting some recommendations based on his year's Fund for the Republic study of the press. He proposes that U.S. newspapers endow, in perpetuity, a commission to sit in continuous examination of the press's strengths and weaknesses. As a man who has long believed that "journalism should serve as a two-way bridge between the world of ideas and the world of men," Harry Ashmore will probably find many bridge-building opportunities on the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Nigeria's Free Press

Independence is often a searing experience to new nations, bringing on, along with the proud new flags, inept governments, shattered economies, confused people and misery all the deeper because exposed by freedom. But on Africa's west coast, the continent's newest and largest free state, Nigeria, last week was settling down to self-government with the same solid serenity that had marked its birth a fortnight ago. It is no coincidence that peaceful Nigeria possesses the freest and most responsible press in black Africa.

Even by Western standards, the quality of the Nigerian press is good. Despite a national literacy rate of only about

15%, the country prints 20 daily newspapers and 36 weeklies, with a circulation approaching 755,000. Copies of the leading dailies, going out by motor lorry and dugout canoe, eventually reach even the remotest regions—a much-needed unifying influence on Nigeria's mosaic of 250 tribes. And by being free itself, under the long years of benevolent British tutelage, the nation's press has taught Nigerians valuable first lessons in the meaning and the duties of freedom.

Slugging Matches. Until 1937, Nigeria's few newspapers played a minor role in the national life, hardly going beyond their mid-19th century origins as shipping news and commercial circulars. But that year a fiery young Nigerian named Nnamdi ("Zik") Azikiwe returned from the U.S., where he had studied political science and journalism at Howard University in Washington, D.C., and founded a new daily in Lagos, the *West African Pilot*.

Zik jolted Nigerian journalism out of its somnolent past. As Premier of Nigeria's Eastern Region, Zik aspired to lead the way to national independence—and to become free Nigeria's first Premier. So in the Western Region did rival Premier Obafemi Awolowo. Their press became their weapon: with Zik's *Pilot* expanded to five papers, and with a ten-paper group owned and controlled by Awolowo's Action Group party. Nigerians were treated to the regular spectacle of Awolowo and Zik slugging it out fiercely and brightly on their front pages.

News for the Natives. But along with Zik's polemics went a modest daily dose of unadulterated news. In 1947, observing with interest the growing Nigerian appetite for news, British Tabloid Publisher Sir Cecil Harmsworth King (the London *Daily Mirror-Sunday Pictorial* group) picked up the *Daily Times*, an unimpressive Lagos paper of 7,000 circu-

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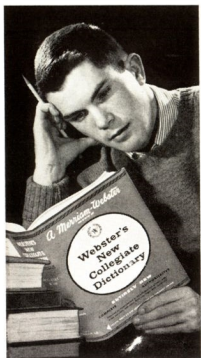
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lation, which had stayed out of Nigeria's East-West war.

King shrewdly kept it that way with such success that his *Times* today has the largest daily circulation in Nigeria—113,000. A Sunday edition, introduced in 1953, has soared past 140,000. King's papers are for and by Nigerians. Eleven years ago there were ten Europeans and 100 Nigerians on the staff; today his group employs six Europeans and 563 Nigerians.

King's success has had a pronounced effect on the course of Nigerian journalism. In 1958, Awolowo's Amalgamated Press hired Editor Louis Martin of the Chicago *Defender*, a Negro daily, as editorial adviser and gave him a free hand. By relegating partisan political stories to a "battle page," expanding news coverage and launching a Sunday paper, Martin boosted the chain's overall circulation by

better than 20% before returning to the U.S. last August. Since then, Canada's Roy Thomson, who, with 28 papers in Canada, eight in the U.S., eleven in Scotland, five in Wales and 21 in England, is about the nearest thing to an international press lord, has acquired a 50% interest in the Awolowo chain. Thomson showed up in Nigeria on Independence Day with a pledge to give his new property plenty of money—but no editorial interference.

As it happened, both Zik and Awolowo were defeated in their primary political ambitions: the Premier of Nigeria is the north's Alhaji Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa. But the papers founded by Zik and Awolowo led the way toward independence, and have helped school Nigerians in what to do with their independence now that they have it.

MILESTONES

Born. To Hollywood Producer-Director Otto Preminger, 53, recently back from shooting a film version of Leon Uris' best-selling novel *Exodus* in Israel and Cyprus; and his third wife Patricia, 29, his onetime movie costume coordinator, whom he married last March: twins; in Manhattan. Names: Victoria and Mark.

Died. Joseph Nye Welch, 69, Iowaborn Boston barrister who on coast-to-coast TV gently and repeatedly needled the late Senator Joseph McCarthy into fury during the 1954 Army-McCarthy hearings; of a heart attack; in Hyannis, Mass. Seventh and youngest child of English immigrants, Republican Welch worked his way through Iowa's Grinnell College and the Harvard Law School (No. 2 in the class of '17). Joining a venerable Boston law firm, he soon began making a reputation as a lawyer's lawyer, a demon at cross-examination, a suave, subtly histrionic persuader of judges and juries. Little known nationally until the Army-McCarthy hearings, in which he acted without fee as the Army's special counsel, courtly Joe Welch soon became a public figure, was showered with fan letters. He continued his active practice after that, but also became a TV star in his own right as a narrator on *Omnibus* and *Dow Hour of Great Mysteries*. Last year he went to Hollywood, got excellent reviews for playing a small-town judge in the movie version of *Anatomy of a Murder*. "I took the part," explained Actor Welch, "because it looked like that was the only way I'd ever get to be a judge."

Ramon Magsaysay, Recto soon turned bitterly against him, claimed that Magsaysay had wrenched on a promise to serve only one term. Recto avidly sought the presidency for himself but never could swing enough voters to his extreme views, became loudly anti-American.

Died. Clarence Ellis Harbison, 75, who went to the dogs early in life, wound up as their best U.S. friend; of a pulmonary embolism; in Norwich, Conn. As a gag in 1949, Harbison, long a kennel owner and writer on dogs, set himself up as a canine psychologist at a Buffalo dog show. Before the show ended, dog owners, seriously perplexed by their pets' behavior, were queuing for consultations. The queue continued for the rest of Harbison's days.

Died. Russell Cornell Leffingwell, 82, former board chairman of J. P. Morgan & Co.; of cancer; in Manhattan. A graduate of Yale ('09) and the Columbia Law School ('12), where he edited the *Law Review*, Leffingwell practiced corporation law until World War I, when he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. After that his interests turned increasingly to international banking. He joined Morgan in 1923, was instrumental in floating loans for the postwar recovery of Europe's economy. A political independent, an intellectual banker generous in manner, Leffingwell had little use for hidebound economic rules or theories, published more than 30 papers distinguished by their open-minded approach to a wide variety of money and banking problems. He reiterated that money should be "managed" by government, but that the planners should stay completely flexible. Wrote he: "The authorities should sail the narrow channel between Scylla and Charybdis, between inflation and deflation, between cheap money and dear money; but not with the tiller tied like a toy yacht on the pond in Central Park. . . . We must reject the planned and frozen economy in all its aspects."

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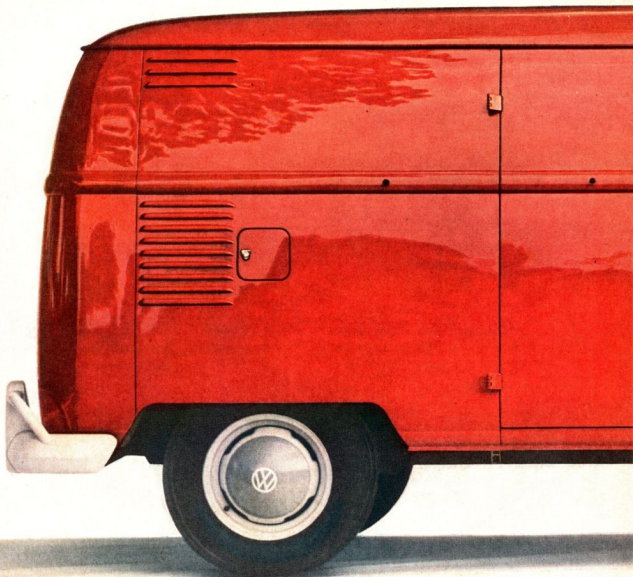
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School Phobia

There is a little of the truant in every healthy child. But the openly defiant youngster who simply refuses to go to school may be suffering from what doctors call "school phobia"—a deep-rooted psychological disturbance.

School phobia, reports the *British Medical Journal*, is actually a form of separation anxiety: the rebellious child's real trouble is not fear of school but fear of separation from his parents. The affected child, says the *B.M.J.*, "is usually above the average in intelligence, but tends to



be timid, sensitive, spoiled, and to show other fears and fear reactions, such as night terrors. The mothers tend to be indulgent, overprotective and overanxious."

Coddled and shy, the child quickly cultivates an intense dislike for the rigors of school discipline. "The final breakdown," reports the *B.M.J.*, "is occasioned usually by an absence from school on account of illness, a change of school, a change of home, the birth of a sibling, or an illness in the parents. When the time comes for school, he digs in his heels and flatly refuses to go." Then a psychiatrist is often needed to perform the difficult task of weaning mother and child from each other. If the home situation appears unlikely to improve, says the *B.M.J.*, the best solution may be to separate the child from his parents, send him to a boarding school.

Second Oldest Profession

Into Rome's grandiose Palazzo dei Congressi one day last week poured 1,400 purposeful women from 41 nations. Blonde-tressed Norwegians in embroidered blue skirts mingled with black-haired Ghanaians in flowing brown and gold robes. Swiss *Frauen* sported delicate lace caps, and Icelanders regally balanced gold diadems with trailing white veils. Here and there through the colorful throng could be seen the somber black habit of a nun. Remarkably little feminine chatter disturbed the solemnity of the occasion: the twelfth International Congress of Midwives.

Reduced Role. Midwifery may be the world's second oldest profession, once ranked among its most respected. Plato made no distinction between mother and midwife, used the same word (*maia*) for both. An old Norwegian proverb advised: "The greatest joy is to become a mother; the second greatest is to be a midwife." But since 1648, when male doctors—at Paris' Hôtel-Dieu—were first permitted to attend a mother during a normal delivery, the role of the midwife throughout much of the world has been reduced to that of a mere birth attendant, patronized mostly by the poor and ignorant.

In nations like the U.S. (where there are only 400 trained midwives) and Canada (where there are none), the midwife is often regarded as a sort of medieval social curiosity, on a par with the fortune-teller. In U.S. obstetrical argot, a clumsy delivery is a "midwife's job." This loss of stature was partly deserved. A generation ago, for example, all Moroccan births were handled by the tribal midwife (*habla*), whose actions were inspired more by superstition than by science. If the newborn Moroccan infant cried too loudly, the *habla* sliced the child's thorax "to let the bad blood out." About 80% of the noisy infants died.

Strictly Regulated. The practice of midwifery is now strictly regulated in most nations, and a worldwide shortage of physicians and nurses has given the ancient profession new life. Japan alone has 40,000 midwives, many of whom staff the 143 community health centers to which rural housewives go to give birth. Swedish midwives examine each expectant mother ten times during the course of her pregnancy, lecture her on female anatomy and sexual relations, conduct classes in calisthenics, explain delivery procedure, counsel expectant fathers, even help fit contraceptive devices. When they have completed a three-year course, prospective Greek midwives must intern for a year in a maternity hospital, then serve for another three years in rural regions where trained medical help is short.

Opposition from doctors, who believe resorting to assistance of midwives (even trained ones) is a step backward, has hampered efforts to expand the profession in the U.S. and some other nations. Brazil once had 15 midwifery schools, now has only two—and 80% of all deliveries are unattended. Chile has only 640 midwives for a population of 7,000,000.

At last week's congress in Rome, attentive delegates plugged in United Nations-type earphones, scribbled notes as speeches were broadcast in five languages. Among the speakers: U.S. Midwife Carolyn A. Banghart, dean of Kentucky's Frontier Graduate School of Midwifery. Afterward the midwives adjourned to a reception in the ancient Baths of Diocletian, where they downed martinis, danced spiritedly with one another, and scaled a low wall to stage playful mass dashes at food-bearing Italian waiters.

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

A Tricky Time

To explain what is happening to the U.S. economy, the head of the nation's biggest retail firm last week used an old phrase: "rolling adjustment." The adjustment, said Charles H. Kellstadt, chairman of Sears, Roebuck & Co., is "more severe than anything since 1946." He predicted that it will last until spring but steadfastly declined to call it a recession. Said he: "I don't know exactly what they mean by a recession, but whatever a recession is, we're not in one now." Sears certainly is not: its sales are expected to rise 5% for the current fiscal year.

Many of Kellstadt's peers disagree with him about a recession, though almost all of them could sympathize with his impatience at economic semantics. While all economists have access to the same facts, they differ on what the statistics mean. To some, Kellstadt's rolling adjustment is actually a recession. Looking at the same facts, William F. Butler, vice president and economist of the Chase Manhattan Bank, last week took the view that the economy is not in a recession—but is headed for a moderate one late in 1960 or early in 1961. Butler says that the recession will run its course by mid-1961 or "possibly a bit later," warned U.S. businessmen to "fasten their seat belts for the economic turbulence ahead." By contrast, an aggressively optimistic view came from U.S. Budget Director Maurice Stans: "We see no concern about the trend of business conditions. We

think conditions are strong and improving considerably."

Not like the Past. What did Kellstadt mean by rolling adjustment? He meant that, while various areas of the economy, such as steel and inventories, are going through recessions of their own—and others may go through them in the near future—the total effect is not great enough to pull down the whole economy. Reason: the recessions are not happening all at once. This is in marked contrast to the 1957-58 recession, in which the adjustment, instead of rolling from industry to industry, hit all at the same time. There was a sharp rise in unemployment, heavy cutbacks in defense spending, a big drop in capital expenditures for plant and equipment, a sharp downturn in the gross national product, and a steady decline in inventory accumulation. All of these added up to a recession. At the present time, the worst situation is the cautious using up of inventories (instead of reordering) and the stubborn rate of unemployment (more than 5%). These troubles in themselves have not been strong enough to cause a precipitate general dip, indicating that the economy still has inherent basic health.

Since inventories are so important, economists are naturally looking at them for the key to the outlook for the economy. Last week Chief Statistician Louis Paradiso of the Commerce Department warned economists not to let their eyes deceive them. The inventory situation this year, he said, is "very different" from previous years of downturn, and "the pattern should not be read as in the past." In the three previous recessions, businessmen cut back their rate of inventory accumulation for several months, and once they began living off inventories—causing a net decline—the drop continued for 10 to 13 months. Since inventories this year did not slide into a net decline until July, does this mean that the downturn still has a long way to go?

Not necessarily, says Paradiso. "There is a much tighter relationship between inventory and sales than we have ever seen before." Where it once took a manufacturer months to shift his inventory position—either because he was top-heavy with goods or could not quickly reorder—today's manufacturer has new methods and machines for inventory control that enable him to keep his inventories tight, move fast when he wants to make a change. In the past, says Paradiso, inventory tended to lag about six months behind sales; today it can be adjusted in a matter of days. "What happens now to inventory will be almost a direct function of what happens to sales."

Compacts v. Steel. Another barometer dear to the economists is the steel industry, which is also facing a new situation. Now operating at about 50% of capacity, steel has been hit by the popularity of the compact car. Ford's standard four-

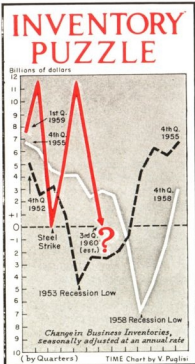


Arthur Siegel
SEARS, ROEBUCK'S KELLSTADT
For semantics, a snort.

door Galaxie requires 3,349 lbs. of steel to build; a four-door compact Falcon with standard transmission requires 2,110 lbs. Thus Ford can build three Falcons with the steel that goes into two Galaxies. If, as some auto experts predict, 50% of all U.S. cars made next year are compacts, the industry would use about 2,000,000 fewer tons of steel in a 6,000,000-car year. But if the U.S. auto industry picks up a lot of the auto sales it has been losing to foreign cars (see Autos), the loss to the steel industry could be at least partially recovered.

How are some of the other big economic indicators behaving? In the third quarter, gross national product probably fell slightly from an annual rate of about \$505 billion to \$504 billion or \$503 billion, largely because of the decline in inventory accumulation. It was the first G.N.P. decline in 1960, and still left the rate higher than it has ever been in any other year. Early third-quarter reports show that corporate profits have been disappointing. Of most concern to economists is a third-quarter fall-off in final demand, i.e., what the consumer and the Government actually buy. After running at a net gain of about \$10 billion for the first two quarters, the rate of final demand fell back to about \$2 billion in the third quarter. Combined with a drop in inventory accumulation, this was enough to depress the G.N.P.

Soured to Death? There are important items on the plus side. Unemployment eased more than seasonally in September, dropped about 400,000 to 3,400,000. (But the Labor Department last week added five cities to the list [now 42] of those with unemployment of more than 6%: Birmingham, San Diego, Muskegon, Mich., Canton, Ohio and Jersey City.) September new car sales jumped 20.8% in the strongest increase over 1959 of any month this year.



After slumping for several weeks, retail sales turned up again at the end of September, were 4% over last year for the last week reported. Business loans, an indicator of plans for future business activity, rose sharply in the first three weeks of September—by some \$600 million—after a two-month decline. Even the stock market, which has been sliding, turned around last week and moved up three days in a row. Advised Ben Davis of Wall Street's Mitchell, Hutchins & Co., whose quips often get more attention than his guesses: "The time to buy stocks is not when you are 'tickled to death' but when you are 'scared to death,' and if you are not scared here, you do not scare easily."

Whether or not they believe that the U.S. is in a recession or about to go into one, most economists agree that the U.S. is going through a tricky period. If final demand continues slipping, a recession would follow; if consumers take to buying with a will again and final demand turns up, the economy would enjoy a moderate upturn.

Vaulting Profits

For many a U.S. businessman caught in a profit squeeze this year, the nation's banks are a source of envy as well as credit. Aided by the highest money rates in 30 years, the biggest banks last week checked in with record nine months' earnings reports, posting increases of from 5% to 27% over 1959's three quarters.

The nine-month gains were racked up despite a slowing in the third quarter, caused by the lowering of the prime interest rate from 5% to 4½%, and a falling off in loan demand. But with loan demand again picking up, 1960 seems sure to be the best earnings year in banking history.

The Chase Manhattan Bank, second largest in the nation after California's Bank of America, reported net earnings up 20.1% for the first nine months, from \$3.42 to \$4.11 per share, despite a third-quarter increase of only 11.0%. The third largest U.S. bank, the First National City Bank of New York, posted a 14.5% nine months' gain over 1959, with per-share earnings up from \$4 to \$4.58. Its third-quarter gain: 4.8%.

Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. boosted earnings 26.8% for the nine months, from \$4.18 to \$5.30 per share, and third-quarter earnings were up 14.8%. Profits of the Chemical Bank New York Trust Co. were up 5.4% for the nine months to \$3.60 per share, and third-quarter earnings held steady. Despite a third-quarter earnings decline of 3%, Irving Trust Co., the ninth largest U.S. bank, came through with a 27.3% increase in the nine months' period, shooting earnings from \$2.03 to \$2.59 per share.

Outside New York, banks did as well or better. The First National Bank of Boston, despite only a 3.5% third-quarter increase, raised nine months' earnings 11% to \$4.69 per share; the National Bank of Detroit gained 17.3% to \$4.25 per share; the Philadelphia National Bank pushed up from \$2.38 last year to \$2.83 for 1960.

LABOR

Violence on the Picket Line

The milling picket lines, the fire hoses, the club-wielding police were all reminiscent of the bloody strikes of the 1930s. When the International Union of Electrical Workers struck General Electric last week, the company vowed it would keep its plants open for all employees who wanted to work. Both sides knew the vow could lead to violence. It was not long in coming.

Outside G.E.'s big River Works plant in Lynn, Mass., 200 pickets tried to block cars of nonstrikers from driving into the plant. As police linked arms to force back the pickets to let the cars pass through, the pickets shoved forward, stopped the cars, and growled menacingly: "You are marked men. We'll remember you." At G.E.'s Electronics Park plant in Syracuse, 800 pickets battled with 210 police who were trying to escort carloads of non-

The chief reasons why the union was split on the strike were the aggressive labor policy pursued by G.E. and the headstrong, overdetermined tactics of I.U.E. President James Carey. The last time G.E. faced a strike of comparable proportions—in 1946—it closed down its plants, but since then it has hardened its policies. Under Vice President Lemuel R. Boulware, who now serves only as a consultant, G.E. developed a broad policy known through the industry as "Boulwarism," in which the company makes an unceasing effort to sell itself to the workers. In bargaining, the company first listens to the unions' demands, then puts all that it is willing to grant in its first contract offer; after that it will make only minor concessions, thus making gains from a strike problematical. The G.E. policy has been so successful that Carey was unsure of the support of his union members two years ago and backed off from calling a strike. He has since changed the I.U.E.



NONSTRIKERS PASSING THROUGH PICKET LINE AT G.E. PLANT IN LYNN, MASS.
Under militance, misgivings.

strikers into the plant. Result: 15 union men were arrested. Breaking through the lines at a small G.E. lamp plant in Bucyrus (pop. 11,600), Ohio, nonstriking women squealed and wielded umbrellas as pickets stuck them with hatpins.

Close Votes. The militancy on the picket line barely concealed many of the union members' misgivings about the strike. The union's local at the Schenectady, N.Y. plant, the largest of G.E.'s 166 factories, at first voted 5,033 to 2,895 not to strike. But after the other I.U.E. locals went out, union officials at Schenectady passed around a petition until enough names were collected to call out I.U.E. workers there too. Soon after the strike began at Schenectady, such violent skirmishes broke out that the mayor declared a state of emergency, asked New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller for state police. It was refused.

constitution to give greater strike authority to a conference board, make it possible to strike with a majority—instead of a two-thirds—vote of the members.

Two Rights. Locals of the United Auto Workers and the International Association of Machinists accepted the G.E. contract offer, which calls for a 3% raise immediately and a 4% raise in April 1962 plus other benefits. However, the contract does not contain a cost-of-living clause, which the old contract contained and which the I.U.E. demands.

How effective was the strike? The union claimed that almost all of its 70,000 members (out of G.E.'s hourly work force of 110,000) were out, but the company maintained that as many as 5,000 workers, who are represented by the I.U.E., were slipping through the picket lines and reporting for work at the 44 struck plants. By the fifth day of the strike, G.E. said

CONFLICT OF INTEREST

Ethics on the Ragged Edge

THE most talked-about ethical problem in U.S. business is conflict of interest, in which an executive divides his loyalty between his own firm and another. The conflict may take the form of slipping some of his firm's business to a relative or profiting from owning (or owning stock in) a supplier. Last week Chrysler Corp., which touched off the current conflict-of-interest furor by sacking President William C. Newberg for owning interests in suppliers, announced that an investigation has found its present 36 top executives in the clear. Shaken by the Chrysler case, other corporations are anxiously examining their own houses to see if they are in order. Businessmen are likely to get some unwelcome help from Congress, which plans an investigation, and the Securities and Exchange Commission, which is considering tightening up its rules requiring disclosure of such outside interests by asking for monthly instead of annual reports.

No one is certain just how widespread conflict of interest is in U.S. business because most firms prefer to keep their problems to themselves. Says a top Chicago department store executive, "There's a lot of it in all businesses. The larger the company, the easier it is to get by with it."

One big difficulty is deciding just where conflict of interest begins. Many firms permit executives to have interests in other companies so long as they openly report their involvement to the company and to the SEC, which Chrysler's Newberg did not do. Others believe that it is often in the company's best interest to have their men associated with certain other firms. Donald Power, chairman of General Telephone & Electronics Corp., is also a senior partner in a law firm that does considerable General Telephone business. General Telephone wooed him away from the law firm to become its president, thinks the arrangement is fine.

In the case of family-owned or family-controlled companies, keeping the money in the family is often top policy, since there are seldom outside stockholders who might complain. Sam Altman, vice president of the Atlanta-based Big Apple grocery chain (50 stores), which is largely owned by him and his three brothers, finds nothing wrong with buying from another brother for his chain—when his brother meets price and quality requirements. Still other firms condone profitable outside interests as devices to spare their executives from high-bracket income taxes—one of the chief reasons for sideline interests. San Francisco Management Consultant Leland

Dake argues heatedly: "Our confiscatory tax laws are forcing people to the ragged edge of ethics. Stiff taxes have created an atmosphere in which everyone quite openly wants to skirt around the laws legally, and they don't spend too much time with the moral considerations." One appliance company bought a distributor company, then gave its franchise to a company set up by one of its top executives. It tacitly agreed to buy his stock back when it had risen, thanks to business from the parent company, thus enabling the executive to take his salary in capital gains.

The majority of publicly owned U.S. companies are dead set against even a hint of conflict of interest, punish it severely when they discover it.

To avoid conflicts, more and more companies are setting up rigid policing practices instead of relying on their employees' honor. North American Aviation, Convair and Douglas Aircraft all have strict written rules requiring executives to report the slightest outside involvement. Litton Industries requires its key executives to report their outside interests in writing yearly. Since the Chrysler furor broke, hundreds of companies have sent probing questionnaires to executives and directors, are quietly investigating their purchasing and marketing practices. One Chicago businessman has private detectives make periodic checks on some 200 executives: "If I hear of one driving a Cadillac and I know his salary won't permit it, I have him checked." But if an executive is doing a crack job, there are complications. "I've got a couple of department heads I'm suspicious of now, but their departmental results are so good I keep my mouth shut."

Most businessmen are dead certain that they do not need more laws to handle conflict-of-interest problems. They find impracticable the SEC's proposed requirement of monthly reports. It would mean twelve times more paperwork and be of little value, since executives rarely get in and out of a conflict situation in a month.

Even when there is no clear-cut violation of business ethics, most businessmen believe that conflict of interest is simply bad business. They insist that it forces executives to give less than their best to their own company, needlessly exposes the company to the peril of stockholders' suits and a damaged public reputation. To avoid even the appearance of wrongdoing, many a U.S. executive could well recall an old Chinese proverb: "When passing through your neighbor's melon patch, do not stoop to tie your shoe."

that including supervisory and salaried personnel, it had 33,902 employees in the nine major strikebound plants where 98,390 employees normally work. One thing was sure: not nearly enough workers were getting into the plants to keep the production line moving.

"We will not be budged by a strike," snapped Chief G.E. Negotiator Philip D. Moore. "We made our proposals. We are going to stand by them." Although G.E. was disturbed by the violence and was seeking injunctions to bar mass picketing, it refused to close its plants. Says Moore: "We believe a man has a right to strike, but we also believe he has a right to work. Carey has his troubles. A lot of his people aren't behind him. When they realize they've been had, they'll start coming back to work."

AUTOS

Compacts in Paris

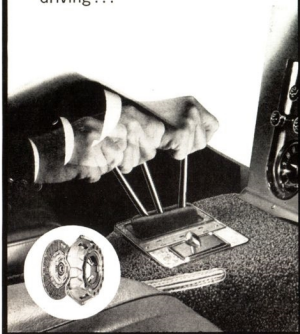
At the Paris Auto Show in the ornate Grand Palais last week, nine shiny Renault Ondines revolved slowly on separate turntables, opening and closing their doors automatically in a kind of automotive ballet to the strains of *Swan Lake*. But beyond the new Ondine, which is a dressed-up version of the Dauphine with a slightly more powerful engine, French makers introduced only two other new models: a Citroën convertible and the Peugeot 404, which is a more crisply styled version of the popular 403 sedan. Other European automakers had not one new model to unveil.

The show was stolen by the new U.S. compacts. The Americans, said Renault's president Pierre Dreyfus, are attacking us "under our own sun." He promised "to fight back without mercy."

French automakers have been so hard hit by the soaring sales of compacts in the U.S. that the decline in the number of cars exported to the U.S. has been sudden and drastic. In August the U.S. imported 50% fewer French cars than in July, and for the first six months of the year imports ran 33% below the rate for the same period in 1959. Two ships loaded with Renault Dauphines were turned back in mid-Atlantic because the docks in New York were already overcrowded with unsold Dauphines. Renault has had to cut back production, has reduced the work week from 48 to 45 hours. Renault had hoped that their U.S. sales would level off at 80,000 to 90,000 cars a year (v. sales of 90,536 in 1959), but that hope has gone by the board. This year Renault sales may fall as low as 60,000. Says one French automaker: "We were waiting for the market to level off, but we did not expect the bottom to drop out."

British automakers have been even harder hit. The British auto industry, star performer of Britain's postwar economy, is clamoring for removal of credit restrictions to spur domestic sales and head off the possibility of widespread unemployment. Britain's Standard-Triumph has put 25% of its employees on a 24-day week; British Motors Corp.'s sports-car

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CONVAIR 880 JETS AWAITING TWA PAYMENT
Knuckling under to get 'em up.

factory has halved its production. Most other British automakers have workers on short time.

To spur domestic sales, European automakers are resorting to gimmicks that they once disdained as being "too American." Although Volkswagen is still making gains in the U.S., it now has an ample supply for the first time in its home country. It is offering a 10% price cut on 1960 models and a free lottery ticket to all prospective buyers, which will give the winner a trip to the factory at Wolfsburg to pick up a free Volkswagen.

AVIATION

New Crew for TWA

Although he is one of the world's wealthiest men, eccentric, elusive Howard Hughes is often short of cash—usually on a grand scale. For the last six months he has been short just \$340 million, the money needed to pay for jet planes ordered for his TWA. Hughes, who owns 78% of TWA stock, would have had little trouble raising the money if he had been willing to relinquish his whimsical one-man control of the airline. Long accustomed to dictating his own terms, Hughes refused. Wary bankers were equally stubborn. Last week, with time running out as

TWA's debts mounted, Hughes had to knuckle under. He made a deal to raise the money he needs, but only at the cost of giving up control of TWA to a voting trust of his lenders.

No one was happier about the arrangement than General Dynamics' Convair division. For weeks some 14 new Convair 880 jets ordered by Hughes have been parked on the Convair ramp at San Diego's Lindbergh Field, ready for delivery to TWA whenever Hughes paid the \$45 million owed on them. All told, Hughes had ordered \$126 million worth of jets from Convair, made a \$26 million deposit.

Ghost Pilot. Under the new deal TWA will be controlled by three trustees, two representing the lenders and one Hughes, until Hughes pays off the debt. TWA is used to operating with a ghost pilot, has been without a president and chief executive for over two months since ex-Secretary of the Navy Charles Thomas resigned. In two years as TWA boss, Thomas revamped the ailing airline's management, slashed operating costs, turned a \$1,764,000 deficit the year he took over into profits of \$9,400,000 in 1959. When Hughes first went looking for loan money, a group of banks (headed by Manhattan's Irving Trust Co.) and insurance companies liked the looks of TWA under

Thomas. The group agreed to lend Hughes the money he needed provided there was no change in TWA's management. In characteristic Howard Hughes fashion, he and Thomas had a falling out, and Thomas quit two days before the deal was closed. The banks backed away and Hughes tried unsuccessfully to find the money elsewhere.

New Money. Under the terms of last week's deal, TWA will get \$74 million in four-year, 6% notes from Irving Trust and eight other banks, and another \$94,800,000 in twelve-year equipment bonds from the Equitable Life Assurance Society and the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. The Hughes Tool Co., which is entirely owned by Hughes and which, in turn, actually owns the TWA stock, will buy \$78 million of the \$100 million debenture offering, plus any of the rest not picked up by TWA stockholders. TWA will provide \$50 million from earnings and depreciation allowances to bring the grand total to almost \$319 million in new money, the revised estimate of TWA's needs.

This will mean that TWA, which now leases 17 Boeing 707 jets from the Hughes Tool Co. on a day-to-day basis (and owns only eleven jets), will be able to buy outright its whole jet fleet, which by the end

TIME CLOCK

BUY-AMERICAN order from Pentagon to U.S. military commanders abroad will bring drastic change in purchasing policy. U.S. has been buying supplies for military and foreign aid abroad to help countries with unfavorable balance of trade. With U.S. running big balance-of-payment deficit, Pentagon will "favor" U.S. suppliers if costs are equal, although actual purchases are estimated at only \$30 million. Other Government departments are studying similar moves.

BLOCKING RAIL MERGERS until job security is guaranteed is a new policy of railroad brotherhoods. Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees filed suit in effort to stop merger of Delaware, Lackawanna and Erie railroads, which the brotherhoods claim will eliminate 2,000 jobs. With rail employment already reduced by one-third in past ten years, brother-

hoods fear that new wave of mergers (six are pending before Interstate Commerce Commission) will accelerate unemployment.

BUSINESS WATCHDOG wants more staff and money to step up its activities. After busiest year in its history, the Federal Trade Commission wants 70% more staff and a 50% increase over current \$8,000,000 budget to intensify its campaign against misleading claims and antitrust violations.

ANTITRUST SUIT against American Cyanamid Co. was filed by Justice Department, charging conspiracy with six other companies to monopolize both domestic and international trade in melamine and melamine products, whose sales by American Cyanamid last year totaled about \$87 million, some 15% of the firm's volume. The U.S. charged that for over 20 years,

Cyanamid had monopolized trade in melamine, a chemical used in making Formica and plastics.

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES CO. passed from control of Mrs. Josephine Bay Paul, chairman, and her husband C. Michael Paul to a rival shipping line. For about \$8 million, the Pauls sold their 25% control of American Export, which operates a 30-ship fleet, including the liners *Independence* and *Constitution*, to the Isbrandtsen Co., which owns and operates 20 American-flag ships and charters some 30 others.

ZECKENDORF EMPIRE has been cut back by \$90 million. Bill Zeckendorf, president of Webb & Knapp, big U.S. real estate firm, sold off that much property this year to get cash to rescue beleaguered Freedomland and to help finance multimillion-dollar developments in Los Angeles and Montreal.

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of the year will total 43 planes. The loan total is only slightly more than the profit Hughes could have made by selling his TWA stock at its postwar market peak of 72. Its price at last week's closing: 12½, up 1¼ on the news of Hughes's financing deal.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Farben's High-Flying Heirs

Three of the hottest stocks on West Germany's stock exchange last week, avidly sought by German and foreign investors alike, were close cousins known by the tongue-twisting names of Farbenfabriken Bayer, Badische Anilin & Soda-Fabrik (B.A.S.F.), and Farbwerke Hoechst. Each was selling not far from \$200 a share, and Bayer briefly outdistanced (in total market value) even the shares of Daimler, long the most popular stock on West German markets.

The three companies are the chief heirs of I. G. Farben, once the largest corporation in Nazi Germany, which was broken up by the Allied occupiers in 1945. The \$2.8 billion chemical trust was stripped of \$1 billion worth of assets and 30,000 patents, deprived of 60% of its properties by the Russians and Poles, divided into 44 separate companies in the Western zone—including the three major chemical firms now sparking the West German market. In their remarkable comeback, the three companies last year rang up sales of \$1.7 billion—more than three times the sales of the entire I. G. Farben trust in 1938.

Befähigungsdrang. The high-riding success of the three Farben heirs is due to a combination of West German economic recovery and a spirit of free enterprise that was lacking in the cartel-minded Farben. While West Germany's other industries had a sales increase of 9.5% last year, the chemical industry's sales rose 14.7%, even though prices were lower than in 1952. To compete, Farben successors have put in new production techniques, developed new products, and effected operating efficiencies that enable them to produce twice as much with 145,000 workers as the parent firm did with 200,000.

Spurred by West Germany's most valuable resource, *Befähigungsdrang* (urge to work), productivity per employee increased from \$10.158 in goods produced in 1959 to \$11.586 last year. All three firms have invested extensively in overseas plants, are spending heavily for research and development.

Greater Efficiency. Chances of West Germany's chemical Big Three regrouping are highly unlikely because the managements think that the free-enterprising new companies are more efficient than Farben. Besides, neither Bayer Boss Ulrich Haberland, 59, nor Hoechst Head Karl Winkacker, 56, nor B.A.S.F. Chief Carl Wurster, 59, is willing to give up the new empire he commands. Explained B.A.S.F. Boss Wurster: "We don't see any reason for reconcentrating. In our opinion, a return to the old I. G. Farben would be unwise, economically and politically."



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BOOKS

Abdul v. Ivan

THE SABRES OF PARADISE (495 pp.)—Lesley Blanch—Viking (\$6.75).

This book's heroes all seem to be six-foot-three, thundering horsemen, invincible sword fighters and high-bouncing lovers; if the story were fiction, critics could complain that the earth does not breed such men. But Author Lesley Blanch has discovered an episode—Russia's efforts to subdue the Caucasian mountain tribes during the first half of the 19th century—which abounds in authentic hell-and-crinoline raisers, and she describes it with enormous relish. Not much romanticizing is necessary; the source material is generally incandescent.

There is, for instance, this recollection of a Russian officer who helped sack an *aoul*, or mountain fortress, in 1832: "By the light of the burning thatch we saw a man standing in the doorway of the *saklia* [hut]. This man, who was very tall and powerfully built, stood quite still, as if giving us time to take aim. Then, suddenly, with the spring of a wild beast, he leapt clean over the heads of the very line of soldiers about to fire on him, and landing behind them, whirling his sword in his left hand, he cut down three of them, but was bayoneted by the fourth, the steel plunging deep into his chest. His face still extraordinary in its immobility, he seized the bayonet, pulled it out of his own flesh, cut down the man and, with another superhuman leap, cleared the wall and vanished into the darkness. We were left absolutely dumfounded."

Hurled Heads. The leaping apparition was Shamil the Avar. He was one of two fighting men to escape the ruins of the *aoul*. Two years later, in 1834, he was elected Imam of Dagestan—the absolute spiritual and temporal ruler of most of the tribesmen in the Caucasus. He fired his subjects with a fanatic brand of Mohammedanism, and his dedicated Murids, or holy warriors, kept the armies of Czar Nicholas at bay for the next 25 years. As the years passed and the Czar's frustration continued, Shamil became a European hero. Russophobic Britons forgave the raider his five wives—one of them a Christian captive, well content with her lot—and honored him by dancing the Shamil Schottische.

The wild tribesmen Shamil ruled lived by the *shashka* (saber) and *kindjal* (long dagger). "They sabre each other in the way of friendship," wrote the Russian Poet Lermontov, who, like Pushkin, served in the Caucasus and died in a duel there. A proper courting gift for a Dagestan maiden was a dozen or so severed male right hands, strung on a thong. Imaginative bloodletting was much admired; Afghanistan's rulers executed prisoners by tying them across the muzzles of cannon (until Western diplomats complained of flying flesh) and the Shah of Persia delightfully invented another sort of extinc-

tion: extracting the teeth and hammering them into the skull.*

Shamil had a flare for such dramatics; his men regularly lobbed the heads of spies into Russian camps. And when one faction persuaded his mother to suggest the possibility of surrender, he disappeared into a mosque for three days, then announced: "It is Allah's will that the first person who spoke to me of submission should be punished by a hundred lashes! And this first person is my mother!" He flogged the old lady five times; then, glaring contemptuously at the tribes-



SHAMIL THE AVAR
Raising hell and crinoline.

men, accepted the rest of her punishment himself.

Cruel Gallantry. Shamil respected courage above all other qualities and was capable of a cruel gallantry: once he halted the execution of a Russian prince because he liked the way the captive faced the firing squad. His character impressed itself upon his enemy, and when he was finally subdued and sent to Moscow, he was cheered the entire length of the journey. He submitted to captivity with grace, and for the rest of his life was treated as a Russian hero.

Historian Blanch (*The Wilder Shores of Love*) finds her subject perhaps too fascinating for an orderly, steady-pulsed narrative, and now and then the reader is vexed by her somewhat florid digressions. But the period is little known and the players absorbing. Mme. de Staël's remark is quoted: "In Russia, if they do not attain their objective, they always go past it." The author can be forgiven if she does both.

* The British used the cannon-muzzle method in putting down India's bloody Sepoy Mutiny of 1764.

Again, Götterdämmerung

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH (1,245 pp.)—William L. Shirer—Simon & Schuster (\$10).

The story of Adolf Hitler and his works is curiously resistant to the historian's approach. Such massive evil can scarcely be conveyed by facts, figures and chronology. What is needed is another Dante with a genius for portraying hell, or a new Wagner who can translate horror into myth and spell out the dread meanings in a *Götterdämmerung* finale. Surrealist imagination, not research, may one day tell the definitive story; in the meantime, there are books.

In *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, Author William Shirer has undertaken to tell the entire Hitler story in one massive volume. A former reporter and newscaster, Shirer covered Germany and the Nazis from 1925 until the U.S. entered the war, and his bestselling *Berlin Diary* (TIME, June 23, 1941) was one of the earliest casebooks of Nazi practice. To his huge task Shirer brings only modest writing gifts, but he has an advantage that swamps all shortcomings: his material is horribly fascinating. He has done thorough research in captured documents, in books and in diaries. The result is a panoramic exposure of Nazism in practice that may lack literary stature and new insights, but seizes the reader's interest and holds it to the end.

To the German's Taste. What seems as incredible as ever is that the little Austrian vagabond ever got a political foothold at all. Shirer tries to explain Hitler's success by citing some obvious facts of German history and character: defeat in World War I set the stage for an adventurer who promised to end the shame of the Versailles Treaty; and German distaste for democracy, coupled with a veneration for authority, enabled thugs to make a deal with respectable elements and then terrorize a whole nation. Shirer plainly believes that in Hitler the Germans got a leader to their taste. He points out that the industrialists assumed the debt of the Nazi Party, that most Protestant pastors swore a personal oath of allegiance to Hitler, that the average man hardly seemed to notice the loss of his liberties, and quotes Philosopher Oswald Spengler's comment after Hitler's takeover: "It is no victory, for the enemies were lacking."

This seemed true to the end. According to General Guenther Blumentritt, no admirer of Hitler, at least half the civilian population resented the officers' attempt on Hitler's life on June 20, 1944. Says Shirer: "National Socialism, notwithstanding the degradation it had brought to Germany and Europe, they still accepted and indeed supported, and in Adolf Hitler they still saw the country's saviour." But General Blumentritt's remark might be interpreted another way: that up to half of the civilian population had so much of Hitler or of war that they did not resent the attempt to as-

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assassinate their country's leader in the midst of war.

From Bluff to Doom. Author Shirer effectively underlines the incredible myopia of France and England in letting Hitler con them into accepting one conquest after another until even the Chamberlains in both countries could swallow no more. Shirer shows how the German generals feared that every aggressive move of the Führer's would lead them into a war for which they were not ready—only to realize eventually that the "warlord's" successful bluff made their caution seem ridiculous. The big-lie technique, the phony "threats" to Germany from future victims (Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland) are documented to the hilt. And Shirer argues that until the Russians made their pact with Hitler, the West could have stopped him cold at every point.

Shirer makes the famous case that Hitler's own mistakes hurt him more in the war's later stages than did his enemies in the field. His attack on Russia, his failure to follow through in North Africa, his preference of annihilation to retreat, and finally his own retreat into a world of pure fantasy brought on his doom. When the end came, he had no wish to spare Germany. After all, "those who will remain after the battle are only the inferior ones, for the good ones have been killed."

On Friday, April 13, 1945, the Russians were in Berlin; the center of the city was aflame. Hitler, a physical ruin, still looked for a miracle, and now Goebbels called the Führer in his deep bunker to tell him the miracle had happened: "My Führer, I congratulate you! Roosevelt is dead! It is written in the stars . . . It is the turning point!" On the 30th, the Russians were just a block away. Hitler had already had his favorite dogs put away, and now he and his new wife Eva Braun went to a room, he to shoot himself, she to take poison. During a lull in the bombardment, their bodies were taken above ground, doused in oil and burned.

Rise and Fall acts as a breezy, journalistic surrogate for many better books on specialized aspects of Nazism. Not its least compelling aspect is that the grisly and familiar ending seems to follow with simple inevitability from everything that has gone before.

Ohio Nights

THE NEPHEW (210 pp.)—James Purdy
—Farrar, Straus & Cudahy (\$3.95).

This impressive new novel begins as a Midwestern idyll set on a leafy, residential street in Rainbow Center, Ohio. A widower of 78, Realtor Boyd Mason comes home to the wide-lawned Victorian house he shares with his sister Alma, a spinsterish ex-schoolteacher. Each day is an agreeable carbon of the one before. Boyd grumbles contentedly about Alma's bluntness, stinginess and love of gossip. Alma gets comfortably cross at Boyd's deafness, his lack of interest in scandal, his irritating habit of forgetting to flush the toilet.

Occasionally they receive a letter from



NOVELIST PURDY
Realism from a futurist.

their soldier nephew, Cliff, whom they had raised since he was orphaned as a child. But Cliff is as emotionally tongue-tied as his aunt and uncle: his prosaic letters might as well be coming from nearby Cincinnati instead of distant, mysterious, embattled Korea. Then the comfortable, cozy pattern of the days is shattered by a War Department telegram reporting Cliff missing in action. Alma passionately insists Cliff is alive and will return; she decides to write an account of his life. "It would be a kind of family thing," she tells her brother. "A kind of record just for us."

Alma questions the neighbors about Cliff and at first gets the expected tame responses. But Faye Laird bursts unexpectedly into tears and her dotty old mother insults Alma. Wealthy, widowed Mrs. Barrington clearly knows more than she will say. Strangest of all are the talks with epicene Willard Baker and the peculiar young man who lives with him. As rumors build slowly into facts, Boyd impatiently tries to stop Alma from digging into events that "should have been forgotten long ago." But Alma is a woman who must finish what she starts, and she rips frantically at the curtain of secrecy. "People have tried not to hurt me, to keep things from me all my life," she cries. "But it always got to me at last and hurt me a thousand times more."

As Alma finally discovers how little she had really known the boy who grew up in her house, another telegram confirms his death in battle. "I only loved him," she mourns. "I never knew him." But to love someone is enough, Mrs. Barrington tells her, "that's all we dare hope for in this life." The "record" of Cliff's life, containing only a few tentative sentences, is wrapped in tissue paper and locked away in a drawer. Boyd and Alma, who have now become "permanently and very old, their correct age," sit in the dark staring

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YOU SAVE 30% on Collision and Comprehensive coverages in all states.

YOU SAVE 25% on Liability coverages in most states (exceptions: 22½% in Kentucky and New Jersey—15% in New York).

GEICO rates are on file with state insurance regulatory authorities and represent the above savings from Bureau Rates—GEICO is licensed in all states except Massachusetts.

COMPACT CARS: GEICO rates are reduced an additional 10% in most states.

MORE-THAN-ONE-CAR: GEICO rates are reduced an additional 25% in most instances when more-than-one-car is insured.

In Texas, where rates prescribed by the State Board of Insurance must be charged, dividends of 20% on Liability and 30% on other coverages are being paid on currently expiring policies.

HOW GEICO SAVINGS ARE POSSIBLE

1. GEICO pioneered and perfected the "direct-to-the-policyholder" sales system which successfully eliminates the major expenses of the customary method of selling auto insurance. No salesman will call.

2. GEICO insures only persons in its eligible "preferred risk" groups—that is, careful drivers who are entitled to preferred rates.

3. The low GEICO premium is the full cost of your insurance—there are no membership fees, no assessments or other sales charges of any kind.

HERE IS THE PROTECTION YOU GET

You get exactly the same Standard Family Automobile Policy used by most other leading insurance companies, and you are fully protected wherever you drive in the United States and its possessions. A GEICO automobile insurance policy can comply with the Financial Responsibility Laws of all states, including the compulsory insurance requirements of New York and North Carolina.

GEICO is rated A+ (Excellent) by Best's Insurance Reports, the industry's leading authority on insurance company reliability.

COUNTRY-WIDE PERSONAL CLAIM SERVICE

More than 900 professional claim representatives are strategically located throughout the United States and its possessions. They are ready to serve you day or night 24 hours a day. You get prompt settlement without red tape or delay. The speed and fairness of GEICO claim handling is demonstrated by the fact that 95 out of every 100 policyholders renew their expiring policies each year.

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RATES ON
YOUR CAR.
NO OBLIGATION
... COMPLETE
INFORMATION
BY MAIL ... NO
SALESMAN
WILL CALL.

CHECK ELIGIBILITY—must be over 21 and under age 65

CIVILIAN GOVERNMENT PERSONNEL—Active or Retired

☐ Federal, State, County, Municipal

MILITARY PERSONNEL—Active, Reserve or Retired

☐ Commissioned Officer—NCO of top 5 pay grades

(NCO on active duty must be married and at least age 25)

NON-GOVERNMENT PERSONNEL

☐ Professional or Technical

☐ Administrative, Clerical or Managerial

☐ Agricultural—Farmer or Farm Manager

Name _____

Residence Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

County _____ State _____

Location of car, if not _____ City _____

at residence address _____ State _____

Age _____ Male ☐ Female ☐ Married ☐ Single ☐

Occupation (Rank, if on active duty) _____

To obtain rates for 2 cars owned by you, complete column 2 also

	CAR NO. 1	CAR NO. 2
Year of car: _____		
Make: _____		
No. of cylinders: _____		
Model (Fairlane, 210, etc.) _____		
Body Style (4 dr., 2 dr., etc.) _____		
Purchase date: _____		
Days per week driven to work: _____		
One way distance: _____		
Is car used in business other than to and from work? _____	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>
Is car principally kept on a farm or ranch? _____	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>	Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/>
Additional male drivers under age 25 in your household: _____		
Age: _____		
Married or single: _____		
% use of your car: _____		

106

**GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES
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With its tremendous thrust, *Zeus* can intercept attacking missiles far from the area it defends

Zeus is designed for a hit every time on supersonic bulls-eyes!

At best, an anti-missile defense will have only a few minutes to react ... and no "second barrel" to fire at its supersonic target.

Nike Zeus needs none. Tests of this new anti-missile missile show that it will attack enemy ICBM's with 100% accuracy at a distant interception point. There its nuclear warhead will be detonated to blanket

the approaching ICBM with an explosive curtain.

The newest member of the famous Douglas *Nike* family, *Zeus* was developed in a joint Western Electric, Bell Telephone, Douglas Aircraft project. Its design combines the most successful lessons learned from *Ajax* and *Hercules*—*Nike Zeus* predecessors that are on duty around

many important U.S. cities and industrial centers and with NATO forces overseas.

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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

Sunrise at Campobello. As in his stage version, Dore Schary worships rather than evaluates Franklin Roosevelt during the period when he conquers polio, setting the mold for the President-to-be. But for all this, the film offers rich, commercial entertainment, ranging from heroic drama to soap opera to political pleading.

The Entertainer. In a seedy music-hall performer, Marlon Brando plays a farfetched but arresting symbol of all that is wrong with England. But the vigor of Osborne's complaint and, above all, Laurence Olivier's relentless grotesqueries as the fatuous vaudeville provide fascination on the screen.

The World of Apu. The third, last and most striking section in the trilogy of Indian life by Satyajit Ray brings its hero to marriage and deeper tragedy than either *Pather Panchali* or *Aparajito*, the first two parts, making it the moving culmination of a naturalistic film masterpiece.

Let's Make Love. A trumped-up plot to bring Marilyn Monroe and France's rugged, gaunt-faced Yves Montand together takes the long way around to Marilyn's arms, since Montand is an unlikely billionaire who wants to be loved for himself alone. The game is forced but fun.

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs. William Inge's careful insights into the problems of an Oklahoma harness salesman and his troubled family are well illuminated in the screen version, with Robert Preston setting the acting pace though occasionally running ahead of Inge's harness.

TELEVISION

Tues., Oct. 11

CBS Reports (CBS, 8:30 p.m.). *The Year of the Polaris* tells the story of the successful development of the U.S.'s submarine-launched ballistic missile.

The Donald O'Connor Show (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A song-and-dance special, with O'Connor and Mitzi Gaynor, color.

Wed., Oct. 12

Peter Loves Mary (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). First of a new series in which Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy more or less play themselves—a young married couple who divide their time between show-business careers and family life.

Armstrong Circle Theater (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Biography of Adolf Eichmann.

Naked City (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). A dramatic series about cops in New York, with regular guest stars. Eli Wallach is one of the first.

Thurs., Oct. 13

Nixon-Kennedy Debate (NBC, CBS and ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Third in the series. This time Nixon is in Los Angeles and Kennedy is in New York, and the argument goes back and forth across a split screen.

The Untouchables (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Robert Stack begins his second year as Government Agent Eliot Ness, battling with the oldtime Chicago mob in one of TV's most successful shows.

* All times E.D.T.

Closeup! (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). Bell & Howell Co.'s excellent documentary series now turns to Haiti, the French-speaking Caribbean nation uncomfortably situated between Castro's Cuba and Trujillo's Dominican Republic.

Fri., Oct. 14

Purex Special for Women (NBC, 4-5 p.m.). Premiere of a seven-part series, the first study of sexual frigidity in the U.S.

Harriett and Son (ABC, 8-8:30 p.m.). Pat O'Brien in a new series about a New York lawyer and his son.

The Bell Telephone Hour (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Patrice Munsel, Janet Blair, Gretchen Wyler, Earl Wrightson, presenting music by Vincent Youmans.

Zyewitich to History (CBS, 10:30-11 p.m.). Top news story of the week.

Sat., Oct. 15

N.C.A.A. Football Game (ABC, afternoon). Depending on where you live, it is the Air Force Academy v. Navy, Arkansas at Texas, or Wisconsin at Iowa.

The Roaring Twenties (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A new series about two reporters on a New York tabloid, whose lives are entwined with events of the '20s, such as the Dempsey-Firpo fight, which is the background for the first episode.

The Campaign and the Candidates (NBC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.). Chet Huntley and David Brinkley interview the Nixons.

Sun., Oct. 16

Meet the Press (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). Senator Kennedy.

National Automobile Show (CBS, 6-7 p.m.). The 1961 models of all makers.

See America with Ed Sullivan (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). This year Stony Ed will be traveling about, visiting U.S. cities and entertainers associated with them. First stop is San Francisco, with Johnny Mathis, Peggy Lee, Mort Sahl, Dave Brubeck, Dorothy Kirsten, the Limeliters.

The Jack Benny Program (CBS, 9:30-10 p.m.). Jack's wife Mary Livingstone, retired from the show for three years, comes back as a guest.

THEATER

As the Broadway season gains momentum, *Irma La Douce*, a musical that is French to its very bedposts, provides a tingling mixture of sweetness and bite. As a prostitute who can make iniquity seem perfectly charming, Britain's Elizabeth Seal suggests that she really can do no wrong, despite Irma's vocation. Brendan Behan's *The Hostage*, which fills its characters with the wild humors of its bigger-than-life playwright, runs an exhilarating gamut from bawdiness and irreverence to keening Irish lyricism. *The World of Carl Sandburg*, capably peopled by Bette Davis and Leif Ericson, is a slightly patronizing domain at times, but one studded with the virtues of democratic faith.

Off Broadway, at the Phoenix, Gilbert & Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore* keeps its sails at full tilt under the expert seamanship of Director Tyrone Guthrie. Still holding their own on Broadway against the tide of new shows are several holdovers, notably *The Miracle Worker*, *Toys in the Attic*, *Bye Bye Birdie*.

BOOKS

Best Reading

The Child Buyer. by John Hersey. A first-rate satire, in the form of hearings before a state senate committee, of national vagaries in education and super-patriotism.

Rome for Ourselves. by Aubrey Menen. A fond, mocking assessment of Rome, ancient and modern, suggesting that even in imperial days, Romans were less interested in glory than in *la dolce vita*.

The Worlds of Chippy Patterson. by Arthur H. Lewis. A readable biography of the flamboyant Main Line lawyer who preferred broads to ladies, penmanship—and crooked—clients to rich corporations.

The Trial Begins. by Abram Tertz. Pseudonymously signed and smuggled from Russia, this remarkable work of socialist surrealism bitterly mocks the monolithic state, suggesting among other things that under the Communist ice-cap, the Russian spirit still lives.

Victory in the Pacific. by Samuel Eliot Morison. The 14th and last book of narrative (a technical volume is to follow) in the author's mastery history of World War II naval operations.

Casanova's Chinese Restaurant. by Anthony Powell. A witty novel about Britain in the thirties and that period's curious miscegenation between Society and Art.

Let Us Now Praise Famous Men. by James Agee, with photographs by Walker Evans. Since it was written in 1936, this prose account of sharecroppers' lives, set down with the dark rage of a poet, has become a classic.

The Politics of Upheaval. by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. In the third volume of his history, the author follows skillfully—and sometimes too admirably—as the New Deal loses its first momentum and sets out in a different direction.

The Black Book. by Lawrence Durrell. A school piece by the author of the Alexandria novels, written when he was 24, and full of muck, gloom, glittering words and the beans of youth.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Advise and Consent*, Drury (1)*
2. *Hawaii*, Michener (2)
3. *The Leopard*, Di Lampedusa (3)
4. *The Chapman Report*, Wallace (5)
5. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, Lee (6)
6. *The Last Temptation of Christ*, Kazantzakis (7)
7. *Diamond Head*, Gilman
8. *The Lovely Ambition*, Chase (4)
9. *Mistress of Mellyn*, Holt
10. *The House of Five Talents*, Auchincloss

NONFICTION

1. *Born Free*, Adamson (1)
2. *How I Made \$2,000,000 in the Stock Market*, Darvas (2)
3. *Felix Frankfurter Reminisces*, Frankfurter with Phillips (3)
4. *Taken at the Flood*, Gunther (10)
5. *Enjoy, Enjoy!*, Golden (6)
6. *Folk Medicine*, Jarvis (8)
7. *The Liberal Hour*, Galbraith
8. *The Waste Makers*, Packard (5)
9. *The Politics of Upheaval*, Schlesinger
10. *The Good Years*, Lord (4)

* Position on last week's list.

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1954—Kathy is born	Attaches Family Plan which pays him monthly income if Janet dies and insures Kathy and all children to come for \$1,000 each.	2.65
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